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WOOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Lady Maud,—Lady Maud,
You're very proudly sweet,—
Lady Maud, I lay my heart,
My full heart at your feet.

Raise those white eyelids, Lady Maud,
And look me in the face,—
Nay!—not so coldly, violet eyes,
Give Love a little place!

Nay! be not thou so marble pale,—
Press not the rose away,
Oh, pitiless, from those sweet lips,—
But let the heart blood play.

Oh, Love is holy, Lady Maud,
Love speaks and must be heard;
You know your heart leaps up to feel
The passion of each word.

You know your dreams are coming true,
And you must meet your doom,—
I caught the new life in your eyes,
And knew my hour had come!

I watched you musing yesterday,
Down where the pansies grow,—
A passion flower claspt in your hand,
At purple sunset's glow.

Here is a pansy, Lady Maud,—
Before its bloom shall fade,
Our lives, unperfect now, shall be
One perfect glory made.

Bend down that sweet face, Lady Maud,
You know my words are true,—
Will you not part those crimson lips
And bid me come to you?

I come, I come,—my Love, my Life,
And so at last we meet,—
My snow white dove,—my dainty Maud,
My Maud so queenly sweet!

Boston, March, 1860.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY [illegible]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PERPLEXING LIKENESS.

There was a sound of revelry in the Red Lion inn, for a dinner of the townspeople was taking place there, to celebrate some national rejoicing. Filling the chair was Lewis Carlyon, Esq., who was a great man now, amidst his fellow townsmen. His practice had been successful; as a medical man he was much liked; and the fact of his having married an earl's daughter, of his wife being the Lady Laura Carlyon, told much with a certain class. It had brought him into contact with the county families, who, if they did not deem him to be on an equality with themselves, met him as such; for they were, most of them, in this anomalous position, that while Mr. Carlyon was beneath them, Lady Laura was above them. Mr. Carlyon lived in far superior style to Mr. Grey, or to Mr. Lycett, the latter being, we may remark, en passant, a brother of the Reverend William Lycett, whom the reader once saw by the bedside of the dead lady. The two partners were prudent men, living in sufficient style for comfort, but putting by for their children; Mr. Carlyon, on the contrary, spent the whole of his income, if not more, and he had inherited a good sum of money from his father. The public are taken with show, and, as we say, Mr. Carlyon was popular.

He sat at the head of the board, making his after dinner speeches, and giving out his toasts as chairman; some of the county gentlemen were at the Lion that day, and both gentry and townsmen applauded him to the skies; while the crowd, gathered outside the windows to listen, caught up the echo, and were ready with their gratuitous ovations to Lewis Carlyon.

The clock was striking eleven when the chairman, flushed and heated, but not to intoxication, walked forth. Several came out with him, some to ride home miles, others to seek their proximate homes; nearly all were further gone than Mr. Carlyon, for it had been an unusually convivial meeting. They shook hands with him at the door of the Lion, a noisy farewell; and the mob of eaves-droppers, ever excitable, wound up with a cheer for Mr. Carlyon by way of accompaniment.

He walked down the street towards his home, the cheer sounding in his ears. At such moments, and they were not frequent, Mr. Carlyon was apt to be lifted out of his ordinary self. Whatever cares he may have had, whatever secret source of trouble or anxiety—and whether he had any, or not, is best known to himself—were all cast to the winds; he forgot the past and the present in the future, and he gave his vague visions of hope and grandeur a specific plan.

"I am like a god to them," he complacently repeated to himself, alluding to his neighbors and townsfolk, "I have done just what I intended—made myself a note of admiration among them. Any charge against me—pshaw! they'd buffet the man bringing it. Nevertheless, I shall leave you to your sorrow, my good natives of South Wennock, for my fortunes were not made to be hid under a bushel in a paltry country town. London is the field for me, and I shall go to it and take my degree. My reputation will follow me; I shall make use of these county aristocrats to recommend me; I shall try for her majesty's knightly sword upon my shoulder—'Rise up, Sir Lewis.' I may be enrolled, in time, amidst the baronetage of the United Kingdom, and then my lady cannot carp at inequality of rank. A proud set the Chesneys and my wife the proudest. Yes, I will remove to London, and I may get on to the very highest rank permitted to men of physic; *may* get on! I *will* get on; for Lewis Carlyon to will a thing, is to do it. Look at Stephen Grey! was there ever such luck in this world? and if he could go swimmingly on, as he has done, without influential friends to back him, what may I not look to do? I'm not sorry that luck has attended Stephen; so long as he keeps out of my path, I have no enmity to him; but I should like to wring the neck of his son. Why, who are you?"

The last question was addressed to a female, and an exceedingly broad female, who stood in the shade of Mr. Carlyon's gate, dropping curtseys, just as he was about to turn into it.

"Which if it wasn't for the night, sir, you'd know me well enough," was the response—"Pepperfly, at your service, sir."

"Oh, Nurse Pepperfly," returned the surgeon, blandly, for somehow he always was bland to Mrs. Pepperfly. "You should stand further forward, and let your good-looking face be seen."

"Well, now, you will have your joke, sir. Says I, wherever I goes 'If you wants a pleasant, joking, good-hearted gentleman, as can bring you through this vale of tears and sicknesses, just you send for Doctor Carlyon.' And I'm only proud, sir, when I happens to be in conjunction with you, that's all.

need run your legs off in a race again time," luminously proceeded Mrs. Pepperfly; "whether you goes to-morrow morning or whether you goes to-morrow a'ternoon, it'll come to the same, sir, as may be agreeable. I'm fetched out to-night, sir, to Mrs. Knagg, Knagg's wife the broker's, and Mrs. Smith, where I was a stopping, says 'Call in at Doctor Carlyon's as you passes, and make my dooty to him and say I've heered of his skill, and ask him to step in at his leisure to-morrow to prescribe for my child—which a white swelling it is in its knee, sir, and 'tother in the grave, as may be said, for 'twont be long out of it; and me the last few days as I've been there, a worrying of her to let me come for Doctor Carlyon.'"

There were sundry embellishments in the above speech, which, in strict regard to truth, might have been omitted. Mr. Carlyon, a shrewd man, took them for as much as they were worth.

"Mrs. Smith,. the cow-keeper's wife?" asked he, "what brings her child with a white swelling? It must have have come on pretty quick."

"Not her, sir; Mrs. Smith, up at Tupper's cottage in the lane. She only come fresh to the place a few days ago, and have took such a fancy to me, nothing can be like it."

"Very well, I won't forget," said Mr. Carlyon.

"It's good-night to you, sir, then, and wishing you was a coming to Mrs. Knagge's along with me; but it's Mr. Lycett; which is a nice gentleman too, and nothing to be said against."

She sailed off towards the town, and Mr. Carlyon closed his gate, and glanced up at his windows in some of which lights were burning.

"I wonder whether I shall find my lady in her tantrums to-night?" he said, half audibly.

By which expression the reader may infer that the most perfect harmony did not now exist between Mr. and Lady Laura Carlyon. Laura had been disenchanted; she had loved her husband passionately; but, as the years went on, she had grown awake to his defects. Mr. Carlyon had also loved her, but it is in man's nature to be fickle, and it is in man's nature to incline to sin. Some men, conscientiously alive to their social duties, to their far higher duty to God, repress their evil inclinations and subdue them; others do not, and do not care to; and of this latter class was Mr. Carlyon. Certain escapades, touching his moral character, got whispered about, and they reached the ears of Lady Laura. The town professed to disbelieve them, Lady Laura did not; she contrived to acquire pretty good proof of their truth, and they turned her love for her husband into something very like hatred. Since then, she had been unequal in her temper; the first burst of the storm over, she had subsided into an indifferent sort of civility, which was occasionally interrupted by moods of fretfulness and anger, that Mr. Carlyon was apt to denominate "tantrums." No open rupture had taken place, to cause scandal, and before the world they were perfectly cordial with each other; perhaps in time, if he gave her no fresh cause of grievance, Lady Laura might be induced to forgive, if not to forget. One child, born eighteen months after their marriage, had died; it was Lady Laura's first and last.

On the following day, Mr. Carlyon proceeded to keep the appointment at Mrs. Smith's. He called in about eleven o'clock, after he had visited his patients on the rise. He went straight into the cottage without knocking, and there happened to be nobody in the room but the child, who was seated in a little chair, with some toys on his lap, soldiers, whom he was placing in martial array.

"Are you the little fellow—"

So far spoke Mr. Carlyon, and there he stopped dead. He had cast his eyes, wondering eyes just then, on the boy's face, and apparently was confounded, or staggered, or something, by what he saw. Did he trace any likeness, as Judith had done? Certain it is, that he stared at the child, in undisguised astonishment, and only seemed to recover self-possession when he saw they were not alone, for Mrs. Smith was peeping in from the staircase door.

"I thought I heard a strange voice," quoth she. "Perhaps you are the doctor, who was to call?"

"I am," replied Mr Carlyon. "Who is this child?"

"He's mine." As she spoke, he eyed her almost as keenly as he had done the child. The woman marked it. "Were you struck by his sickly appearance, that you were looking at him so attentively?" she inquired. "He does look sickly, I'm afraid."

"No—no," returned Mr. Carlyon, half abstractedly; "he put me in mind of some one; that was all. What is his name?"

"Smith."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well," returned the woman, who had a blunt, abrupt way of speaking, more the result of natural manner than of intended incivility, "I don't see what that has to do with it, or what it *is* to anybody in this place, which is strange to me, and I to it. But if it's necessary to his case to know it, he comes from Scotland, where he has lived all his life."

"Was he born there?" asked Mr. Carlyon, [illegible] on the boy.

"Whether he was born there, or whether he was born in New Zealand, don't matter to the present question," returned the woman, irascibly; "my business is my own, and nobody else's. If you don't like to treat him, sir, till you know the top and tail of everything, there's no harm done, and I'll send for Mr. Grey."

Mr. Carlyon laughed and smoothed away her irritability.

"It guides us very much sometimes to hear what sort of a climate our patients have been living in, and whether they were born in it; and our inquiries are not usually attributed to idle curiosity. But come, let me see his knee."

She undid the wrappings, and Mr. Carlyon stooped down, but still he could not keep his eyes from the boy's face. And yet there was nothing out of common in the face, unless it was the eyes; thin, pale, quiet features, with flaxen hair curling over them, were illumined by a pair of large, rich, soft, brown eyes, beautiful to look at.

"Do I pain you, my little man?" said Mr. Carlyon, as he touched the knee.

"No, sir. This soldier won't stand," he added, holding one out to Mr. Carlyon, with the freedom of childhood.

"Won't it? Let me see what's the matter. The foot wants cutting level. There," he continued, after shaving it with his penknife, "it will stand now."

The boy was enraptured; it had been a defaulting soldier, given to tumble-down, from the commencement; and the extraordinary delight that suddenly beamed forth from his eyes, sent a thrill through the senses of the surgeon. But for the woman over looking him, he could have bent his searching gaze into those eyes for the next half-hour, and never removed it.

"He seems a quiet little fellow."

"Indeed then, he was a regular little tartar till this illness came on," was Mrs. Smith's reply, "a great deal too fond of showing that he had a will of his own. This has brought his spirit down. Could you form any idea, sir, what could have brought it on? I'm certain that he never had a fall or any other hurt."

"It is a disease that arises from weakness of constitution, as well as from injury," replied Mr. Carlyon. "Do you purpose residing permanently at South Wennock?"

"That's how I may feel inclined," was the reply. "I'm not tied to any spot."

Mr. Carlyon, after a few professional directions, took his departure. As he turned from the lane into the high road, so absorbed was he in thought that he did not notice the swift passing of Mr. John Grey in his gig, until the latter called out to him. The groom had pulled up by direction of his master. It may be remarked that the two surgeons were on terms of acquaintanceship and sometimes met professionally, but the persecution (to call it by a name it merited,) formerly offered to his brother Stephen, prevented Mr. Grey from ever regarding him with cordiality.

"Mr. Lycett is with Knagg's wife," began Mr. Grey, as the other approached him, "and, by what he says, it appears to me a case not unlikely to be attended with difficulty. If so, he will probably want your assistance: shall you be in the way?"

"Yes: or if I go out, I'll leave word where I may be found."

"That's all right, then," returned Mr. Grey, signing to his groom to go on. "I am called in haste to a shocking accident five miles away; some men burnt by an explosion of gunpowder. Good-morning."

It turned out as Mr. Grey had anticipated. In the afternoon a message came to Mr. Carlyon from Mr. Lycett, and he hastened to the broker's. There he found Mrs. Pepperfly in all her glory. To give that lady her due, apart from her graces of person and her proneness to a certain failing, she was a skillful, clever woman, equal to an emergency; and nothing brought out her talents like an emergency, and there was nothing she was so fond of. "A spice of danger puts me on my metal, and shows folks the stuff I'm made of," was a favorite remark of hers; and Mrs. Pepperfly might thank her stars that it was so, or she would have been allowed to sink into private life long ago.

It was not so much that a second doctor's services were then actually required, as that it was expedient that one should be at hand in case they should be; consequently, while Mr. Lycett chiefly remained with the sick woman, Mr. Carlyon had an opportunity for a little chat with Mrs. Pepperfly in an adjoining room, which, however, was enjoyed by snatches, for Mrs. Pepperfly was in and out, from one chamber to another, like a dog in a fair.

"Have you been up there, to Tupper's cottage, sir?" she asked, between whiles.

"I went there this morning. Where do they come from?"

"And ain't it a bad case, sir?"

"I don't think it has been well treated," remarked Mr. Carlyon. "Do you know where they come from, or what brings them to South Wennock?"

"She comes from—where was it?—Scotland, or Ireland, or some of them outlandish places, I think she said. What she wants in South Wennock is another matter," added Mrs. Pepperfly with a sniff.

[illegible] *looked at her.* "*Have you any idea what does bring her here?*" he repeated, his tone slightly authoritative.

"Well, yes, I does have my idea, sir, and I may be wrong and I may be right! Though it don't make no difference to me, whether I be, or whether I baint. And I don't suppose you'd care to hear it, neither."

"Speak on," said Mr. Carlyon, half eagerly, half carelessly. "What do you suppose her business is at South Wennock?"

Mrs. Pepperfly dropped her voice to a whisper. "You remember, I dare say, sir, that young lady who came to her death so awful at the widder Gould's, through Mr. Stephen Grey's draught?—though indeed what with the heaps of patients you have had since, you might have forgot her, and it so long ago!"

"What of her?" breathlessly asked Mr. Carlyon.

"Well, sir, my belief is just this—that that there widder, up at Tupper's, is appeared at South Wennock to ferret out what she can about the death, and nothing less."

Mr. Carlyon did not reply, but he gazed at Mother Pepperfly as eagerly as he had gazed at the suffering boy, and with far more perplexity.

"How very absurd!" he uttered, after awhile.

"Just what I says to myself," responded the woman, "for what good'll it do her? If we could come at anything certain about who the poor young lady was, and how the draught were converted into pisin, 'twould be some satisfaction; but there ain't none to be gained, as it is. I telled the widder Smith so, with my own lips."

"You have talked to her, then, about it?"

"Talked to her!" ejaculated Mother Pepperfly, "she haven't let my tongue have no holiday from talking of it, since we two met in the new omnibus. It were this way, sir." And forthwith she recounted to the surgeon the particulars she had given Judith, winding up, as before, with the information that she had been requested not to tell—and had a'most took her 'davit as she wouldn't, but she knew Mr. Carlyon was a gentleman as could be depended on.

Mr. Carlyon stood in silence, apparently revolving the news. Then he walked to the window, opened it, thrust his head out into a stifling back yard, where certainly little air could be found, if that was his motive, and after awhile drew it back again. "Have you mentioned this to any one?" he asked, something sharp in his tone grating on her ear.

"Not to never a blessed soul," protested Mother Pepperfly, conveniently oblivious to all recollection of Judith. "Didn't she charge me not, sir?"

"Then I would recommend you not to," returned Mr. Carlyon. "I have not forgotten the worry and bother the affair caused, if you have. I was besieged with curiosity-mongers by night and by day, hadn't time to attend to my business properly, until it had blown over; now I don't want the same nuisance raked up again, so be silent, as Mrs. Smith tells you. What's *her* motive for wanting silence?" he abruptly added.

"She hasn't give none to me, nor hasn't said as she's got a motive, or that she does want to find out anything; but when a person harps everlastingly upon one point, like a bell and a clapper, a fishing to find out its top and its tail, one can't be off suspecting, sir, as there's a motive at the bottom."

Mr. Carlyon said no more; he was buried in a reverie. And in a reverie, an hour or two later, he walked home, his business at Mr. Knagg's being over.

That must have been a mysterious child, judging by its face, for the hold it seemed to take upon people and the consternation it caused was something amazing. The same afternoon, it chanced that the ladies Chesney were out, and their course took them down Bilston lane. Not often were they abroad together; indeed it was a rare occurrence. A great intimacy was not kept up between them, for Lady Jane would not visit at the house of Mr. Carlyon, or receive him in hers; she, moreover, led a retired, Lady Laura a gay life, as gay as the small country town allowed. As they passed the gate of the cottage, there sat a boy in a little chair in the pathway facing them, some toys in his pinafore, but the toys were lying unheeded, and the child's hands had dropped down, and his head had fallen back. He was in a doze.

His face was full in their view, and Lady Laura's glance fell upon it, and she halted. "Good heavens!" she uttered, "what an extraordinary likeness!"

"Likeness," repeated Lady Jane, "likeness to whom? He looks very pale and sickly. I wonder who they are? Judith said the cottage was let."

"I never saw such a likeness in my life," resumed Lady Laura, quite devouring the face with her eyes. "Don't you see it, Jane?"

"I do not perceive a likeness to any one. To whom do you allude?"

"Then if you don't see it, I will not tell you," was the answer, "but it is certainly plain enough."

They were about to walk on, when a voice was heard inside the cottage, "Lewis."

"Listen," whispered Lady Laura.

"Lewis! why you've never gone and dropped off again. Now I won't have you do it, for you know that if you sleep so much in the day you

The speaker came forth from the door, a hard-featured woman in a widow's cap. "The little boy appears ill," remarked Lady Jane.

"Very poorly, ma'am," was the answer. "He will get to sleep in the afternoon, and then there's good bye to sleep for the night, and I want to break him of it."

"Invalids are generally drowsy in an afternoon, especially if their night's rest is broken. You are strangers here, I think," added Lady Jane.

"Yes. I've brought him, hoping the country air will do him good. Come, Lewis, wake up," she said, tapping the boy on the arm. "Why, there's all your soldiers running away!"

What with the talking, the tapping, and the soldiers, the boy was fully aroused. He sat up and fixed his magnificent eyes upon the ladies.

"Oh, I see it now," murmured Lady Jane to her sister. "It is an extraordinary likeness; the very self same eyes."

"Nay," returned Laura, in the same low tone, "the eyes are the only feature not like. His eyes were shut when the resemblance struck upon me."

"Look, look! the very expression she used to wear!" whispered Lady Jane, so intent upon the boy as to have paid no attention to her sister's dissenting words.

"*She!*" uttered Lady Laura, in an accent of wonder. "Why, what are your ideas running upon, Jane?"

"Upon Clarice. The boy's likeness to her is wonderful. Whose little boy is this?" quickly added Lady Jane, turning to the woman. "He is so very like a—a—friend of mine, a lady."

"He's mine," was the short retort.

Lady Jane gave a sigh of regret, as she always did, when she spoke or thought of Clarice, but in the present sigh relief was mingled. She did not ask herself why, though innately conscious of it. "There is no accounting for resemblances," she remarked to the mother, as she bade her good afternoon and bent her steps onward, Laura casting a haughty, condemning glance upon the woman.

"Jane," uttered Laura, "I do think you are demented. What did you mean by saying the child was like Clarice?"

"Why you spoke first of the likeness, yourself!"

"Not to Clarice. He is not in the least like her."

"Of whom, then, did you speak?" was the wondering question.

"I shan't say," unceremoniously answered Lady Laura. "Certainly not of Clarice: he is no more like her than he's like me."

"Laura, save that boy's, and Clarice's, and Lucy's—hers and Clarice's were counterparts—I do not believe there are such eyes in the world, so large and brilliant and sweetly tender. Yours are the same in shape and color, but not in expression. Where can your sight have been not to observe it?"

"I'll go back and look again," said Laura. And she wheeled round and retraced her steps, and stood at the gate a minute or two, talking to the boy, but not noticing the woman. Jane stood by her side in silence, looking at him.

"Well?" said the latter, when they finally turned away.

"I repeat that I cannot trace any resemblance to Clarice. I do trace a great resemblance to some one else, but not in the eyes; and it is not so striking now he is awake, as it was when he was asleep."

"It is very strange!" cried Lady Jane.

"What is strange?"

"It is all strange. The likeness to Clarice is strange, your not seeing the likeness is strange, and your detecting one to somebody else is strange, as you say you do, and your declining to mention to whom, is strange. Is it to any of our family, Laura?"

"The Chesneys? Oh, no. Jane, you spoke just now of Clarice in the past tense. 'Her eyes and Lucy's *were* counterparts:' it is as though you think she is no longer living."

"What else am I to think?" returned Lady Jane. "All these years, and no trace of her. My father on his death-bed left the seeking of her out to me, but I have no clue to go upon, and can do nothing, and hear nothing."

"If you feel so sure of her death you had better take the three thousand pounds to yourself," spoke Laura, with a touch of acerbity, for the having been disinherited was a sore point with her still.

"No," quietly returned Jane, "I shall never appropriate that money to myself. Until we shall be assured, beyond doubt, of Clarice's death—if she be dead—the money will remain out at interest, and then—"

"What then?" asked Laura, for her sister had stopped.

"We shall see when that time comes," was the somewhat evasive remark of Lady Jane, "but for myself I shall touch none of it, I have plenty, as it is."

Now the reader need not be astonished at this discrepancy in the vision of the sisters. It is well known that where one person will detect a likeness, another cannot see it. "How greatly that child resembles her father!" will be heard from one; "Nay," speaks up another, "how much she resembles her mother!" Some people detect the likeness that exists in form, others that which exists in expression. Some persons will be struck with the wonderful resemblance to each other between the members of a family, even before knowing that they are related, others cannot see or trace it. The reader must have remarked this in his own experience.

And thus it was with the ladies Chesney; the one could not see with the eyes of the other. But it was something remarkable that both should have detected a resemblance in this strange child, and not to the same person.

When Lady Laura reached home the dinner was waiting, and she made but a slight alteration in her dress. In the few minutes it occupied, her maid thought her petulant, but that was nothing new. She descended to the drawing-room, and rang the bell.

"Where's Mr. Carlyon?"

"Not in, my lady."

"Serve the dinner."

In point of fact that gentleman was then on his way home from Mrs. Knagg's. Had his wife been aware of it she might possibly have waited; but Mr. Carlyon's professional occupations rendered him somewhat irregular. She was seated at table when he entered.

"Have you begun? Oh, that's all right; I might have been detained longer."

Lady Laura made no reply, and Mr. Carlyon took his seat. She motioned to one of the servants to move the fish towards his master, who was the usual carver. For some minutes Mr. Carlyon played with his dinner; played with it; did not eat it; and then he sent away his plate nearly untouched—and that he appeared to do throughout the meal. Lady Laura observed it, but said nothing; she appeared to be, as the servants expressed it amidst themselves, "put out," and when she did speak, it was only in monosyllables or abrupt sentences.

"Are you going out this evening, Laura?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"No."

"I thought you were engaged to the Newberrys."

"I am not going."

He ceased; he saw as well as the servants that his lady was out of sorts. She never spoke another word until the cloth was drawn, the dessert on the table, and the servants gone. Mr. Carlyon poured out two glasses of wine and handed one to Lady Laura. She did not thank him, and did not take the glass.

"Shall I give you some grapes, my love?"

"Your love!" she burst forth, with scornful mocking emphasis, "how dare you insult me by calling me 'your love!' Go to your other loves, Mr. Carlyon, and leave me; it is time you did."

He looked up, perfectly astonished at the outbreak, for, so far as he knew, there was nothing just then in himself to excite his wife's ire.

"Laura! What is the matter?"

"You know," she uttered, "your conscience tells you. How dare you so insult me, Mr. Carlyon?"

"I have not insulted you; I am not conscious of any offence against you. What has put you out?"

"Oh, fool that I was," she passionately wailed, "to desert, for you, my father's home! What has been my recompense? Disinheritance by my father, desertion by my family, *that* I might have expected; but what has my recompense been from you?"

"Laura, I declare I do not know what can

have caused this! If you have anything to say against me, say it out."

"You do know," she retorted. "Oh, it is shameful! shameful so to treat me!—to bring this contumely upon me! I, an earl's daughter!"

"You are out of your mind," coolly returned Mr. Carlyon. "What 'contumely' have I brought upon you?"

"Don't insult me further! don't attempt to defend yourself! Think, rather, what your conduct has been; such transgressions on the part of a married man, reflect bitter disgrace and humiliation upon the wife; they expose her to the contemptuous pity of the world!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Carlyon, "I thought these heroics, these bickerings, were done with. What has raked them up?"

"You ask me what has raked them up!—Ask yourself, Mr. Carlyon. You know too well."

"No, by heaven!" he returned, "I have no more notion what you allude to than *that!*" He raised a wine glass as he spoke, and brought it down again too fiercely: the fragments were shattered over the mahogany table. "If you want me to understand or to answer, you must be more explicit," he added, in a calmer tone.

Lady Laura, her eyes flashing contempt and her features rigid, leaned forward over the table to be nearer Mr. Carlyon. "In that cottage of Tupper's there live a woman and child," she hissed. "*That child is yours!*"

An extraordinary change, possibly caused by surprise at the accusation, possibly by indignation, passed over the aspect of Mr. Carlyon. His face grew livid, and his white lips quivered. Lady Laura laughed derisively.

"So it tells home, does it? I told you your conscience would accuse you. What have I done, I ask, that this shameless woman should be brought hither to insult me? Could you not have kept her where she came from, but must you bring her and parade her off in my very presence!"

Mr. Carlyon wiped the moisture from his face, and recalled his senses, which seemed to have been scattered.

"You are a fool, Laura, if you are not mad," he uttered; "it's one of the two. I was summoned last night to attend that child, and I went this morning; and I swear that I never, to the best of my knowledge, set eyes upon the woman before. She looks nearly old enough to be my mother; what are you thinking of?"

Lady Laura was thinking of a great many things, and they were not pleasant ones. Nevertheless, her husband spoke so earnestly, so apparently truthfully, that she was somewhat staggered, in spite of her exasperation.

"It will come, next, that I must not visit a patient when called out to one," he proceeded, in a severe tone. "I feel shame for you, Lady Laura: these absurd jealous delusions do yourself harm, but not me. I know nothing of the woman and her child; I solemnly protest that until last night, I did not know Tupper's cottage was occupied, or that such people existed."

"Who summoned you to them?" she inquired, no relenting whatever in her words and aspect.

"Pepperfly, the nurse. I met the old woman at the gate here, as I was coming home from the dinner. She said a person with a sick child had come to Tupper's cottage, and would I go up at my leisure, and see it. If you will take the trouble to walk there, you will find my statement correct; the boy has a white swelling in the knee."

"I have been," composedly replied Lady Laura.

He gave a slight start.

"Very well, my lady; if you think it well to dodge my footsteps amongst my patients, you must do so; but if you hear nothing worse than that woman could tell you, you won't hurt."

"Mr. Carlyon! keep within the bounds of truth, if you please. When did I ever dodge your footsteps?"

"It seems like it, at any rate."

"No, sir; my passing that cottage, was accidental. I went by it this afternoon, with Lady Jane."

"What has given rise to this unfounded suspicion—this almost impossible suspicion, when you look at the woman?" he reiterated. "You must have gone to sleep and dreamed it."

Again she leaned forward and spoke with scorn, almost menacingly.

"When the extraordinary resemblance is seen between a man and a child, which exists between you and that woman's, there can be no doubt of its parentage. There can be none here."

"A likeness between me and that child?" he echoed, in genuine surprise. "Why there's none in the world, none whatever; how can you so draw upon your flighty imagination?"

"There never was, I believe, so great a one in the world. Every feature is similar, save the eyes. That is not all. Your ears are a peculiar shape, unlike any one's I ever saw; so are that child's; I noticed them as he lay asleep. The very feather here," touching the parting of her own hair in front, "the wave of the flaxen hair; it is all you in miniature. And his name is yours—'Lewis.'"

"Upon my word this is very absurd," angrily returned Mr. Carlyon. "There are more Lewises in the world than one. Pray did Lady Jane likewise see this astounding likeness?"

"She did not say so."

"Nor any one else. I believe you have drawn upon your own imagination solely for this fancy, and that nothing of the sort exists. I can only say I failed to observe it, which I think I should have done, had it been there. I will look for this famous resemblance when I next visit the child."

"It is there, all too plain," persisted Lady Laura.

Mr. Carlyon rose, and drawing near to his wife, spoke in a serious, impressive tone, but one of friendly conciliation.

"Understand me, Laura; whether the likeness exists or whether it does not, it is equally unimportant to you and to me. I tell you that I was unconscious of their existence until now; I tell you that, so far as I believe and know, I never before set eyes on the woman or exchanged a word with her; and I swear that I speak the truth—by the ties that exist between you and me!"

He held out his hand, and after a moment's struggle with herself—not caused so much by the present point at issue, for she was now pretty well convinced that the likeness and the name must be accidental, as by the remembrance of certain former grievances, which Mr. Carlyon had not been able so triumphantly to clear up—she gave him hers. Mr. Carlyon stooped and kissed her, and she turned her face to him and burst into tears upon his breast.

"You should never have tried me, Lewis."

"The trial has been chiefly of your own making," he whispered, "but we will not revert to the past. But now—am I to go on attending this child, or am I not, Laura? It shall be as you please; it is nothing to me, one way or the other. If you wish me not, I'll hand the case over to Grey."

"Nonsense," responded Lady Laura.

Which Mr. Carlyon of course took to be an intimation that it would be nonsense if he did not go on with it, and he acted accordingly, paying Tupper's cottage another visit in the afternoon of the following day. Mrs. Smith had her place tidy, and held the boy on her lap at the table, the soldiers before him in battle array.

Mr. Carlyon was proceeding to undo the bandages when he suddenly stopped. "Dear, dear!" he uttered, "I have left it behind me!"

"Have you forgotten anything, sir?"

"Yes, some ointment which I put ready to bring. And I'm dead tired, for I have been on foot all day, running about. Would it be too much to ask you to step down to my house for it? I'll look at his leg the while."

She paused, hesitated, and then said she would go. Mr. Carlyon told her what to ask for—a small packet in a certain place in his surgery—and she departed. He untied the linen round the child's knee, gave a hasty glance at it, and then tied it up again. "What is your name, my boy?"

"Lewis, sir?"

"Who were you named after?"

"Father. But he's dead. He had another name," added the boy: "George. I never knew it was Lewis, as well, till mother told me."

"Well, Lewis, you want a little fresh air, and I shall put you in your chair outside, till your mother returns."

Mr. Carlyon suited the action to the word. He not only put the boy in his chair, but he tied him in with a towel he espied; and carrying boy, chair and soldiers, he placed them against the wall of the cottage outside,

"Why do you tie me in, sir?"

"That you may not get down to run about."

"I won't do that. Since my leg was bad, I don't like running."

Mr. Carlyon made no reply. He went indoors, beyond reach of the view of the boy, and there he began a series of extraordinary manœuvres. Up stairs and down, up stairs first, he went peeping about, now into this box, now into that; now into this drawer, now into that cupboard; one small box baffled him, for it was locked and double locked, and he thrust it back into its receptacle inside another, for he had nothing to force it with, though he tried his penknife, and he growled forth an angry word of disappointment. What was he hunting for?

He drew a drawer in the kitchen open, and turned over its contents. An old envelope he clutched eagerly, it contained a prescription and nothing else, but that he did not know. He was about to dive into its folds when he became conscious that he was not alone. Mrs. Smith stood in the doorway watching him with all her eyes. What on earth had brought her back so quickly? he thought.

He dropped the envelope with a quick motion, recollected himself, and continued to look in the drawer. "I am searching for some rag," said he.

"Rag!" repeated Mrs. Smith, "I don't keep rags in those drawers. You might have waited, sir, I think, till I came home."

"You were so long," replied Mr. Carlyon.

"Well, I don't know what you'd call short, then, I ran all the way there, and all the way back. What *were* you looking for?"

"It seemed long to me, I suppose," he answered, paying no heed to her question. "Get me some rag, will you?"

He went outside, untied the boy, brought him in, and proceeded to attend to his knee. He scanned the boy's features from time to time, but could detect none of the resemblance spoken of by his wife. And so he told her. But the likeness, in spite of her apparent satisfaction at the time, festered in the heart of Lady Laura.

The likeness—the other likeness—troubled also the mind of Lady Jane. She took repeated opportunities of passing the cottage, and each time that she could see the boy he brought forcibly to her remembrance, the image of Clarice. A feeling grew upon her—and the more she strove to divest herself of it the more it grew—that Clarice might have married, as Mrs. West suggested, and that this was her child. Lady Jane was no gossip, but she resolved to speak to Judith, and one day called her in.

"Judith, you have been once or twice to drink tea with the person who occupies the cottage in Blister lane, do you know much of her?"

"No, my lady. It's a passing acquaintance, that's all."

"Is that her own child?" abruptly resumed Lady Jane, after a pause. "She told me it was, and it passes for such, but I almost doubt it."

"Well, my lady, and so do I doubt it," cried Judith. "But I don't know anything certain."

"The boy bears so remarkable a likeness to—to—some one I know—"

"My lady, there never was such a likeness seen," eagerly interposed Judith. "It struck me the first moment I saw him."

"You!" uttered Lady Jane, "struck you! why, how did you know her? when did you see her? I spoke of my sister."

Judith stood dumb.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lady; I misunderstood."

Lady Jane considered; she saw no reason why she should not tell Judith.

"The fact is, Judith, the child bears a strange likeness to a sister of mine, whom I believe you have never heard of, for she has been lost for years; and we cannot find her.—That child's eyes are so like her, that they haunt me."

Judith stood for some moments before her mistress without speaking.

"What was her name, my lady? Was she married?"

"She was not married that we know of.—She may have married since we lost trace of her. Her name was Clarice."

"Clarice!" repeated Judith, involuntarily.

"Clarice Chesney. What likeness did you allude to?"

"Oh, my lady, it's not worth troubling you with. It was just a fancy of mine that the boy was like somebody; not a lady."

"Should this child really not be Mrs. Smith's I should be glad if you could find out who it is and who its parents were; perhaps Mrs. Smith might tell you. That is all, Judith."

Judith lingered as if she had something on her tongue that she would tell, but she seemed to think better of it, and withdrew. She wondered never to have heard that there was another sister, but the Chesneys had kept the matter from their households.

Not long after this period, Lady Jane received a communication from the Countess of Oakburn. It appeared that the sojourn at Seaford had not been productive of so much change as was hoped for, to the young lord, and it had been decided by the advice of Sir Stephen Grey and other medical men, that he should be taken abroad for the winter, to a more salubrious climate. Lucy Chesney did not care to go, and it was proposed that for the time she should stay with her sister Jane. Lady Jane, happy at the thought of receiving her, hastened up to London to take charge of her down. The first to run up and greet her as she entered the countess's residence in Portland Place was the little lord.

"Have you come to take away Lucy, sister Jane? I don't want her to go."

"Come and let me see how you look," said Jane, as, the bustle of meeting over, she took the boy upon her knee. "He does not look very ill, Lady Oakburn."

"I have no real fears for him," replied the countess, "but he is delicate. If we take good care of him now, in a few years he may grow into strength. Frank, tell sister Jane what Sir Stephen says."

"Sir Stephen says that mamma and Lucy are too fidgety over me; that if I were a poor little country boy, sent out in the corn-fields all day to keep the crows off, with only brown bread and milk for food, I should be all right," cried Frank, looking up to his sister; and Lady Jane smiled, and thought it very probable Sir Stephen was in reason.

"Do you know, sister Jane, what I mean to be when I grow up a big man?" he continued. "I mean to be a sailor."

Jane faintly smiled and shook her head.

"Yes, I do. Mamma says that if I were the poor little country boy, I might be one; but as I am the Earl of Oakburn, I shall have other duties. Oh, Jane, I do wish I could be a sailor. Where we were at Seaford, I longed so long to run through the waves and get to the ships!"

"It is surprising what a taste he has for the sea," murmured the countess to Jane; "he must have inherited it," and Lady Jane sighed with sad reminiscences.

"And so you would like to stay with me, Lucy, dear," said Lady Jane, as she took Lucy's hand and gazed at the bright and blushing face before her.

"If you will have me, Jane."

"Have you, my child! For the last few years my life has been one perpetual longing for you. I have felt our separation cruelly.—And now I suppose nobody will be allowed to have you very long."

"How do you mean, Jane?"

"You will be for setting up a house of your own, I expect; or another will for you. In point of family, he is not equal to the Chesneys, but you might have chosen worse, Lucy."

Lucy colored to the roots of her hair, to the very nape of her delicate neck; her eyelids were cast down, and her fingers trembled in the hand of Lady Jane. All signs of true love, and Jane knew them to be so. The Countess of Oakburn approached Jane.

"I know you felt the separation," she said, with emotion, "and had the terms of the will been such that I could have departed from them, Lucy should have been yours. I could not help myself, Jane; but I have tried to make her all you could wish."

"All any one could wish," generously returned Jane, as she took Lady Oakburn's hand. "You have nobly done your part by her. Do it by the boy, Lady Oakburn, and make him worthy of his father. I know you will."

"Being helped to do so by a better Help than mine," murmured the countess, as her eyes filled with tears.

Jane remained in London a few days, and she took an opportunity of making another call on Mrs. West, who still lived in Gloucester Terrace. So exceedingly stout had she grown in the intervening years, that Jane did not at first know her; almost a second Mrs. Pepperfly. She was thunderstruck to hear that no tidings had been obtained of Lady Clarice.

"I cannot but think she must have married," observed Lady Jane, after some conversation had passed; "the idea has been gaining ground upon me lately, I do not know why—"

"I know she must have married," broke in Mrs. West—"I beg your pardon for the interruption, Lady Jane. After I had the honor of seeing you here, a former servant of mine, who had left me, told me that she met Miss Beauchamp some months after the period of her quitting my house, and saw from her appearance that she was married."

"How long afterwards? where did she meet her?" eagerly inquired Lady Jane.

"In the course of the following winter, at its turn I think; I know the girl said it was a frosty day. And it was somewhere in this neighborhood, though I cannot remember precisely where. The girl accosted her, saying something to the effect that she perceived she was married, and Miss Beauchamp replied yes she was."

"Then that question is set at rest," observed Lady Jane. "The next is, Who can she have married? If she quitted your house to be married, we may safely argue that she must already have made the acquaintance of the gentleman. And how could she have done it, and where could she have met him?"

"I thought that over with myself," cried Mrs. West, "at the time the girl told me this, and it struck me that she might have met him here. My husband's brother was then living with us, Tom West, and a very nice young man he was. He had just passed for a surgeon, and he used to fill the house, nearly, with his companions, more than I liked, but we knew he would soon be leaving, so I said nothing. Two of my cousins were on a visit to me that spring, merry hearted girls, and they and Miss Beauchamp and Tom were much together."

"Could *he* have married her?" breathlessly cried Lady Jane.

Mrs. West paused.

"I should not think so; Tom was of an open disposition, above concealment, and they must both have been very sly, if it did take place—excuse my plainness of thought, Lady Jane; I am speaking of things as they occur to me. But, if they had wished to marry, why have concealed it? Tom West was his own master, and I am sure we should have made no objection to her; we liked her very much."

"Where is Mr. Tom West?"

"Oh, poor fellow, he went abroad directly, about—let me see—about the next February, I think. He was appointed assistant surgeon to the flag-staff in India, and there he died."

"What more probable than that she should have accompanied him?" uttered Lady Jane.

Mrs. West cast her reflections back to the past.

"I do not fancy it," she said; "it appears to me impossible. *With him* I am quite certain she did not go, for we saw him off, and arranged his baggage and all that. He was at our house till he sailed. No; if he were married, especially to Miss Beauchamp, rely upon it he would not have kept it from us."

"Other gentlemen visited at your house, you say."

"Plenty of them; Tom was rich in friends. Most of them were in the medical line, students or young practitioners; I daresay you have observed how fond they are of congregating together. All were not introduced to our society, Tom used to have them in his own room. Three or four were intimate with us, and had, as may be said, the run of the house, as Tom had."

"Who were they? What were their names?"

"Let me try and recollect; we have mostly lost sight of them since that period, Lady Jane. There was a Mr. Bogs, who is now a doctor in good practice in Belgravia; and there was Young Manning, a harumscarum fellow who came to no good; and there was Mr. Carlyon; and I think that was all."

"What Mr. Carlyon was that?"

"His father was a surgeon at the East end of London. He used to be very much here with Tom."

"Was his name Lewis?"

"Lewis? Well, I think it was. Did you know him, Lady Jane?"

"A gentleman of that name married my sister, Lady Laura. Probably it is the same."

"He was a good-looking, pleasant man, this Mr. Carlyon—older than Tom. We have quite lost sight of him. Stay; there was another used to come, a Mr. Crane; and I don't know what became of him. We did not like him."

"If it be the same Mr. Carlyon, he is in practice at South Wennock. Our family highly disapproved of Lady Laura's choice, and declined to countenance him."

"In these days we fancied Mr. Carlyon was paying attention to one of my cousins, Mary; at least, she did. But his visits here ceased before Tom went out; I have an idea that he went to settle somewhere in the country."

Lady Jane sat some time longer with Mrs. West, but she had gained the extent of her information, and she went home revolving it; nearly persuaded to conviction, in her own mind, that her sister Clarice had become the wife of Mr. Tom West. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL nature is but art unknown to thee:
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good. —*Pope.*

☞ A young lady, irritated because a gentleman would not agree with her on some matter, lost her patience, and irritably exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. A———, you have only two ideas in your head." "You are right," replied the gentleman, "I have only two ideas, and one of them is that you do not know how to behave yourself."

OFF from apparent ill our blessings rise;
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
For thou art but of dust: be humble and be wise.
—*Beattie's Minstrel.*

☞ A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat, were: "Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general cowwulshun."

☞ EMPLOYMENTS FOR WOMEN.—To teach the men to behave better to them. Our only fear is that the employment would take them all their lives, and that after all they would not gain much by it.—*Punch.*

☞ The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens.—*Emerson.*

☞ The following inscription was taken from a tombstone in one of the cemeteries in Worcester:

"The parents of this lovely baby
Is lamenting for its loss,
And here he lies a sleeping,
With one between him and Uncle Josh."

☞ Women love to find in man a difficult combination—a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect.

☞ "I have learned this profound truth from eating turtle," said an alderman at a recent city feast, "that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greenness."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. Send it.

"THE QUAKER PARTISANS."

We regret that we were not able to commence this novelet in the present number, as announced last week. Our readers may expect it without fail in our next week's paper.

PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT.

As the result of a considerable amount of talking and writing for the last ten years, the subject of Physical Improvement has at length taken firm hold of the public mind. Even the saints have at length become convinced that they have bodies, which, too much neglected, give their spirits no little trouble. Cricket, base-ball, rowing matches, skating, coasting, riding, and the Gymnasium are all in high favor. Young America "goes in to win," to all these, and Old America pats it on the back—which back has now some hopes of becoming a tolerably strong and broad one. On all sides we note the signs of "a good time coming" in respect to Physical Development.

We of Philadelphia are not far behind the rest of the country in the respect mentioned—as indeed we are not apt to be (we say it with all becoming modesty, of course,) in any respect. We have our cricket players, the best in the Union—our boat clubs, our fine skaters, our coasting frolics, and several gymnasiums. And we are moving now for something very extensive in this last line—for nothing less than a grand "NATATORIUM and Physical Institute." And what is a "Natatorium?" some of our readers may ask. We will tell them. A "Natatorium" is the name given by certain very estimable gentlemen to that which people who love our plain expressive English rather more than any foreign lingo, living or dead, would call a Swimming School. But suppose we drop the "Natatorium," and call the present movement one on behalf of a "Physical Institute"—which phrase will include the Swimming School as well as the Gymnasium. Such a "Physical Institute" as is planned, has our warmest wishes for its success. Both swimming and gymnastics, moderately enjoyed and pursued, are promotive of health and strength, of body and mind. The swimming school for ladies especially, is greatly needed, and may be the means of saving many a precious life. Every woman should know how to swim—while for a man not to know how, is almost disgraceful. The ancient Greeks and Romans used to say, if they wished to convey the idea that a man was very ignorant, "He knows neither how to read nor swim." Perhaps, some day, the same may be a common phrase in this new world.

The sum of $30,000 is required to erect a suitable building, and put the contemplated Physical Institute in successful operation.—Such an amount, contributed in shares of fifteen dollars each, ought to be easily obtained in a city like Philadelphia. The undertaking seems to be in the hands of very competent directors, who will see that the money contributed is both wisely and faithfully employed. Success, say we, to every part of the scheme but that ugly word "Natatorium."

FREEMASONS AND ODDFELLOWS may like to know that Mr. Leon Hyneman, of the "Masonic Mirror" office, Philadelphia, is about to publish a work entitled THE WORLD'S MASONIC REGISTER, which is to be a gazetteer of every sort of Masonic information. It is to be published by subscription, and every subscriber may have his name, the number of his Lodge, etc., inserted in the book. Agents are wanted to canvass for it. Good compensation given. Apply to Leon Hyneman, office "Masonic Register," Philadelphia.

A HEALTH DEPARTMENT.—Mr. L. A. Godey, of the Lady's Book, has introduced a "Health Department" into that monthly. It is furnished by Dr. John S. Wilson, of Columbus, Georgia—and is intended for the instruction of mothers and the heads of families.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The literary event of the week is the new book by Hawthorne, THE MARBLE FAUN, OR THE ROMANCE OF MOUNT BENI. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philada.) It is not for us to criticise, after one hasty reading, the work of a mind so rich and subtle and wierdly imaginative as Hawthorne's. Fine wine, the connoisseurs say, must be drank slowly, drop by drop, and the judgment lies at the bottom of the goblet. It is so with a romance by Hawthorne. It must be read slowly and pondered deeply to be criticised fairly. Hawthorne's genius is essentially allegorical, and like Spenser's, his allegories overlay each other. They widen out circle beyond circle, and, as in this instance, what is at first a beautiful and powerful story with an ostensible and homely moral, becomes next a parable, showing the progress of a human soul from Innocence to Nobleness through the operation of sin, and expands at the last into the poem of Man's life on earth—the old tale, retold, of Adam's fall. The story, as a story, is managed with singular artistic power both in regard to pictorial effect and literary construction. Nothing could be finer than the calm, vivid pictures of the Roman life and landscape, and the constructive skill employed makes the work an organic creation, in which the scenes, the events and the actors are part and parcel of each other—mutually connected and dependant. The old power of objective characterization, and subtle psychologic delineation which Hawthorne showed so gloriously in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," is here, too, in its highest and finest operation. The conception of Donatello, is in Hawthorne's rarest imaginative style, and the execution is masterly. None but a man of genius could have so dexterously established in the reader's mind Donatello's lineal connection with the Arcadian Fauns, or so successfully managed his transformation from the innocent, sylvan creature, to the sin-stained, sorrow-worn man. The entire romance is a stroke of the old Hawthornean magic—of the creative and constructive power which projects the dreams of the mind into strange shapes of possible life. Apart from the merit of the work as a romance, it has the added merit of being a transcript of Rome and Roman life in almost all their aspects. It is equivalent to a tourist's book on Rome, with this advantage, that all the descriptions are so closely interwoven with the dramatic action of the tale, that the mind takes them less as information than as experience. One seems after reading the book, to have lived in Rome. Not the least pleasure in reading it, is derived from the exquisite diction—limpid, equal and calm even in depicting the most violent and vivid scenes, as are the waters of some crystal river when shadowing a murder done on its banks. We believe Hawthorne is the most perfect master of English prose now living, and it is a peculiarity in his works that his diction should be so distinctively a *prose* diction. Most authors so royally dowered with imagination as he, mould their diction by the lyric flow of their thought. Dickens, for instance, when his imagination rises to passion or pathos, becomes positively rhythmical in his expression. Not so Hawthorne. His language has no rhythm. It is prose—pure, sweet, harmonious, but still prose, and prose in its perfection.

A book which may be read in connection with Hawthorne's, for it is corroborative of his views of Rome and the Romans, is entitled NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY, by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.) Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples and Venice, were the places the author visited, and he gives us admirable and lucid accounts and criticisms of the country, the people, the churches, the pictures, the poetry, the theatres, and in fact of all objects on which his eye rested. It is a scholar's book, and will be best enjoyed by people of culture.

A beautiful library edition of BULWER'S novels was a demand which is now to be supplied by one of our most enterprising firms. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) The series begins with that admirable novel—perhaps the very best, at any rate, one of the very best, of Bulwer's works—THE CAXTONS. The type is large and clear, the paper tinted, and the form of the volumes convenient to the hand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD AND OTHER NOVELLETTES. By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

ADELA THE OCTOROON. By H. L. HOSMER. Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE ART OF DANCING. By EDWARD FERRERO. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

TEN THOUSAND WONDERFUL THINGS. By EDMUND FILLINGHAM KING. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY By BENN PITMAN, Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

PASSING THOUGHTS ON RELIGION. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." D. Appleton & Co., New York. John L. Capen, Philada.

NIGHT LESSONS FROM SCRIPTURE. Compiled by the Author of "Amy Herbert." D. Appleton & Co., New York. John L. Capen, Philada.

HOME PASTIMES; OR, TABLEAUX VIVANTS. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, William & Alfred Martien, Philada.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. March. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

☞ Of all "suits that are down for hearing," we should say that the love suit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears, was about as difficult as any to win.

☞ TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

☞ Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

☞ Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned, before it can be enjoyed.

☞ Surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE GREAT COMET COMING—MR. COBDEN'S LUGGAGE—A FAMOUS DIALOGUE—AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT—AN ACTOR'S WOODEN ARM—AN OLD VET—THREE SABBATHS—AN UGLY QUEEN—MR. SPURGEON AGAIN.

PARIS, Feb. 16, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

After a week of such weather as tempts lilac-buds and violets to their ruin, the odious Frost-elves are down upon us again; and should the present temperature continue, I shall have, in my next, which Heaven forefend, to chronicle the conversion of the "swiftly-flowing Seine" into a solid highway. It appears that we are again to be favored with the visit of one of those mysterious, long-tailed celestial travellers, whose proximity is popularly believed to exercise so powerful an influence on weather, harvests, and empires; Herr Boms, a Dutch astronomer, having just come out with a pamphlet announcing that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will appear in the month of August next.

Whether the formidable visitor will announce peace or war, is a question to which any political prophet careful of his reputation would do well not to attempt any categorical reply. From Italy, Vienna, and the barracks of France come rumors of military preparation and approaching struggle; but it is not easy for the public, though alarmed at these rumors, to see from what quarter the danger can really come. Austria is bankrupt. Naples and Spain have their hands full, the Pope has at command a more extensive ecclesiastical than military armory; neither Prussia nor Russia are likely "to make war for an idea," and France says she is reducing her armaments, and drawing closer her alliance with England. Who, then, is to begin the war we are so confidently promised for "the Spring?" "The war," reply the croakers, "will be brought about, really, if not ostensibly, by France and Piedmont. France wants Savoy, which Piedmont is only to give up on receiving Venetia; and France also wants the Rhine. Austria will employ the 400 millions to be paid her by Piedmont on Lombardy, in the purchase of military stores: and Prussia will join her to defend her own frontiers." The *role* of Russia is not set forth by these prophets of evil with any certainty; the northern Colossus, though desirous to see the principle of legitimacy fortified against the doctrine of popular and national rights, being supposed to cherish a grudge of about equal intensity against Austria, France, and England. As to France, nothing her Emperor can say or do is regarded as susceptible of being received without suspicion; and if that problematical potentate appear just now to manifest a more decided leaning toward England, it is interpreted by the alarmists as indicating a merely temporary modification of his policy, to suit the emergency of the hour, but as in no wise indicating any abandonment of "the traditional hatred" which is assumed to be only awaiting the right moment to throw off the cloak of friendship, and to "avenge Waterloo."

The real feelings and intentions of the French Emperor are certainly the most difficult enigma of the day. If he be the honest, straightforward ally of England, and friend of peace that his admirers declare him to be, and that he is certainly believed to be by all who approach him personally, why this general feeling of mistrust with regard to a matter which ought to be patent to all? If, on the other hand, the Emperor be the deceitful plotter the alarmists imagine him to be, how is it that he manages to impress those who see him personally with so entire a conviction of his honesty and sincerity? That he does so impress those who are admitted to his presence is certain; and the veteran free-trader who has had so important a share in the new commercial treaty between France and England has but followed, in this respect, in the footsteps of most of those who have preceded him into the Imperial presence. No one, among the warmest adherents of the present *regime*, is at this moment more completely and thoroughly convinced of the Emperor's entire and perfect sincerity, of his desire for peace, his affection for England, and his enlightened comprehension of the requirements of the times, than is Richard Cobden, compelled though he be to regard the Emperor's home-policy as defective, or, at best, as only to be justified as a temporary necessity imposed on him by the peculiarities of the French character, and the exigencies of the moment. The famous conversation between a Frenchman and an Englishman, as reported some few weeks since in the *Times*, though something like one of the long "talks" Mr. Cobden had with the Emperor, was really a dialogue got up between his Majesty and his confidential secretary, the Monsieur Mocquard, whose name has gone forth so widely appended to the reply despatched from the Emperor's cabinet to the four wise men of Liverpool, whose after-dinner epistle to that sovereign has brought down such a fire of quizzing on their devoted heads. One day, when the Emperor and Mr. Cobden had been closeted together for four consecutive hours, the Emperor, after his visitor's departure, opened the door of his cabinet, and calling to his secretary, desired him to come into his room.

"Sit you down in that chair, Mocquard," said his Majesty, pointing to the seat just vacated by Mr. Cobden, "and let us see how we should manage to reply to all the hard things the English people are constantly throwing up against me. I am the Frenchman, *bien entendu*; you are the Englishman; so make the most of your case; and now, begin!"

The dialogue now went forward briskly; M. Mocquard taking up, one after the other, the main points at which the English people have taken umbrage since the proclamation of the Anglo-French alliance; the Emperor replying to each objection urged by his interlocutor, laughing heartily whenever he thought he had made a particularly happy reply, and greatly enjoying the joke. The dialogue was committed to writing at the Emperor's desire, and sent to the Times; his Majesty, next day, telling Mr. Cobden with great glee of what he had done, and recapitulating the principal bits of the dialogue. Such, as I learn from the best possible authority, was the origin of the conversation which, from the columns of the Leviathan of the press, has been spread, and commented upon, over all Europe. When Mr. Cobden came to Paris, he brought no less than thirty tons of luggage, containing samples of every kind of English produce; hardware, cloths, silks, linens, lace, woven goods, glass, crockery, carpets; everything, in short, that English hands and English machinery can make. This enormous mass of specimens was conveyed directly to the Tuileries, and carefully arranged in methodical order; a corresponding collection of samples of French manufactures had been previously made by the Emperor's orders, and the two were so distributed as that the French and English samples of each product could be easily compared. Mr. Cobden went through the entire mass of the English goods, with the Emperor, pointing out the particular qualities of each article, and giving his Imperial questioner the most minute information with regard to the fabrication, cost, and selling price of each; recounting also the difficulties which beset the path of the earliest free-traders, and supplying him with facts and figures showing what results have followed the abolition of prohibitive and protective tariffs in England. Nor was it only with the Emperor that Mr. Cobden's experience was in request. The few enlightened French economists, Michel Chevalier, Dollfus, Arles Dufour, and others, were in constant communication with him, discussing the proposed changes, and procuring from him the statistics of English commerce most proper to serve as replies to the objections of the Protectionists. The latter, who came up from the provinces *en masse*, in order to remonstrate with the Ministers, and to request audiences of the Emperor with a view to convincing him of the ruin he was bringing upon the country, flocked, all day long, to Mr. Cobden's residence in the Rue de Berri. What with the Emperor, the Minister, Free-trade supporters, and Protectionist opponents, Mr. Cobden's days were spent in almost incessant talking; and it is not surprising that his throat, already affected by bronchitis, should have suffered severely from such constant fatigue. Mr. Cobden is now at Cannes, where milder air and comparative quiet will, it is hoped, conduce to the recovery of his health, and enable him to resume his place in Parliament at no very distant date.

M. de Lesseps, the advocate of the Suez Canal is here at present. He is a tall, thin man, no longer young, with a long and anxious-looking face, who, it is said, finds the position he has assumed in the eyes of Europe to be rather too much for him. As long as the opposition of England (grounded on the authorization to raise and maintain fortresses on the banks of the canal, demanded by the French company,) enabled the abettors of the scheme to declaim against the "traditional selfishness of perfidious Albion," to present themselves to the rest of Europe as victims of a persecution directed against the grandest of "ideas," and thus to enlist the angry sympathy of their own people, M. Lesseps luxuriated in the glory of his position as the head of a scheme that was to divert the commercial supremacy of London to Marseilles, and give the signal of England's downfall. But since England has notified the French Government, that the question of raising fortresses in Egypt being waived by France, she will no longer oppose the project, the zeal of his supporters has suddenly collapsed; and it being now distinctly understood that the famous canal, no longer offering any umbrage to political susceptibilities, is to rest henceforth on a simply commercial basis, while England and Holland have condemned it as a commercial operation, no farther interest seems to be felt here on its behalf. Only a small portion of the funds, so pompously announced as being already subscribed for the work, has ever been paid in to the Company; the little actually received has now been eaten up, and the Company's exchequer is entirely empty, with no prospect of ever being filled; and it is whispered by the friends of Mr. Lesseps, that that gentleman is in despair at the turn things have taken, and is now sighing for a refusal on the part of the Porte to authorize the commencement of the work, as the only chance of escape left to him.

The theatres are just now in full blast; "The Duke Job," which has already neared its 70th representation, is still so much in vogue that boxes can only be had by bespeaking them more than a fortnight beforehand. The favorite singer, Roger, of the French Opera, who broke his arm, and was compelled to have it amputated, a few months ago, has just returned to the stage, where his reappearance was greeted by a perfect ovation. The lost arm has been replaced with an artificial one, invented for the artist, by Mathieu, and so perfectly under command is this artificial member, that it is impossible for the spectator to distinguish it from the natural one. The inventor has sent in, to the Academy of Science, a detailed description of this remarkable construction, accompanied by a letter from Mr. Roger, expressing his perfect satisfaction with the supplementary limb which enables him to continue his artistic career.

A piece called the "History of a Flag," is now being performed at the Imperial Circus. One of the scenes shows the soldiers of the Republic in Egypt, exhausted with heat and fatigue, when General Bonaparte appears, and pacifies them. They point out a young volunteer, on the very brink of death; the General orders him to be carried to his own tent, and treated with every attention, on which the soldiery applauds, and the public does the same. A few evenings ago, an old soldier who was present, on seeing the volunteer removed to the tent, jumped up, and cried out, with great emotion, "It was I! it was I!" He then related to the people near him, that the incident in the drama had really occurred, and that he was the young volunteer who had figured in it. On the conclusion of the performance a sort of ovation was paid to the old soldier.

The Spaniards are in a state of triumphant delight at the taking of Tetuan; and Marshal O'Donnell has been created Duke of Tetuan by the Queen, one of whose particular favorites he is well known to be. Her Catholic Majesty is said to be one of the ugliest women in Christendom, with small eyes and heavy hanging cheeks—what is usually denominated "a pig's face." Her private life is detestable, but her domestic misdeeds are less severely judged, inasmuch as the atrocious policy of Louis Philippe must, in all fairness, be considered as having had much to do with her eccentricities of conduct. She is, moreover, so very generous and kind-hearted, that her subjects have great affection for her; and pass over her most reprehensible doings in consideration of her "good heart." But what a curious comment on the inefficacy of creeds is afforded by the fact that, among the hostile parties now contending on the coast of Africa, there are three Sabbaths celebrated every week; the Moors keeping theirs on Friday, the Jews on Saturday, and the Spaniards on Sunday; all three, while stickling for peculiarities of ritual observance, making no scruple of committing, to the utmost of their ability, the medley of murder and other "capital sins" which form the staple of "glorious war."

A private letter, received here to-day, from Nice, states that Garibaldi's love-making has come to a very unfortunate conclusion; the lion-hearted soldier of Italian independence having suddenly discovered, on the eve of his marriage, that the fair Raimondi was on the point of becoming a mother. General Garibaldi, on learning this fact, has left Italy, and shut himself up in his little estate of Sardinia.

I must, long though this letter be already, report for your readers' edification, a little "glimpse behind the scenes" with which I have just been favored, and which may serve to aid in forming a judgment on the character of the renowned Mr. Spurgeon, and his peculiar eloquence. On the conclusion of his sermon in the American Chapel, mentioned in my last, some delay having taken place in the handing about of the plates destined to receive the contributions of Mr. Spurgeon's friends, that gentleman requested the plate-holders to station themselves at the doors, there to receive the anticipated offerings, instead of delaying the congregation by keeping them in their seats until the plates should have been handed into every pew. Mr. Spurgeon, who doubtless has learned, by long experience, that the latter mode of collection is much more effectual than the former,—for people in the pews are just under the fire of the ministerial eye, and their shortcomings in generosity are sure to be seen and noted, whereas, at the door, no one's omissions can be known—made this request with a slight but evident touch of vexation, though his hearers were as evidently delighted to get off. I have since learned that Mr. Spurgeon, on quitting the pulpit, rushed hastily into the vestry, where several other ministers, and the principal supporters of the chapel, were waiting to receive him, and exclaimed, as he made his entry into the midst of the group,

"Why, what the dogs have you chaps been thinking about! By jingo! you ought to have had fifty fellows ready with their hats to take up the collection on the spot, as soon as it was announced. Now, we shan't have a third of the money we might have had."

My informant, one of the most kindly and reliable men in the world, was one of the group of astonished hearers to whom this elegant adjuration was addressed; he declares that the words just given were exactly and *verbatim* the ones used by Mr. Spurgeon, with the exception, perhaps, of the "*Jingo*," which he says may possibly have been "Jove," as the reverend gentleman spoke with an excitement and rapidity which did not add to the clearness of his delivery. But that it was "Jove" or "Jingo" he persistently affirms; and the little address may be safely regarded, in either case, as a choice sample of the unworldly zeal and peculiar eloquence which has made Mr. Spurgeon the favorite apostle of so large a number of the unwashed of London.

I may also add that the gentleman who sat in the pulpit with Mr. Spurgeon, on that occasion, was *not* the Rev. Dr. Prentiss the pastor of the chapel; also that Mr. Spurgeon, when preaching two days afterwards, in the chapel of the Reformed Church, whose tenets verge somewhat towards Unitarianism, after a fervent appeal to people of *all* sects to forget their differences, and unite in Charity and Love, wound up his discourse with a most furious attack upon Unitarianism, declaring that those who held its doctrines were beyond the pale of mercy or forgiveness, and that the very title of Christians ought to be denied to them. Anything more illogical than such a conclusion to such an appeal it would surely be difficult to imagine; while the want of taste exhibited in such an onslaught on the very congregation who had offered him their pulpit, and whose hospitality he had accepted, will be admitted by persons of the most orthodox opinions.

QUANTUM.

PROBABLY TRUE DERIVATION OF THE WORD HUMBUG.—Among the many issues of base coin which from time to time were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II. at the Dublin Mint. It was composed of anything on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper, and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was only worth two-pence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of the Boyne, ordered that the crown piece and half-crown should be taken as one penny and one half-penny, respectively. The soft mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed was known among the Irish as Uim bog, pronounced Oom bug, *i. e.* soft copper, *i. e.* worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word *humbug* took its rise, as in the phrase, "That's a *piece of uimbog*." "Don't think to *pass off your uimbog* on me." Hence the word *humbug* came to be applied to anything that had a specious appearance, but which was in reality spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of *humbug, i. e.* false metal, is the word *sterling*, which is also taken from a term applied to the *true* coinage of Great Britain, as *sterling* coin, *sterling* worth, &c.

☞ Give to a grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful, at last, and we cherish it as we do some old, dim picture of the dead.—*B. F. Taylor.*

MORE OF BERKELEY.

We continue our extracts from Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's amusing "Journey to America:"—

AMERICAN LADIES WEAR THEIR CRINOLINE WRONG SIDE BEFORE.—A very few days gave me a pretty good insight into most of the manners and customs of New York; and among some of the things that struck me as extremely odd was the fashion among the ladies of wearing their hoops and crinolines! I saw New York for the first time, be it observed, at a period (September) when the ladies of fashion or in the best society were out of town. When first I walked into the Broadway at the fashionable hour I had a strange sensation as if my head was turned, and had I had an appendage, like the sailor in the song, "I should have chewed my pigtail till I died;" or as if, through some anatomical freak of nature, womens' waists, bust, and head, in the United States, had been set on the wrong way, and their "bustles," instead of their "stomachers," been on before; or that they looked over their heels instead of over their toes to see if an admirer approached them at unawares. In a short time I recovered from my perplexity on finding that the mistake originated from the fullness of the dress being made to stick out to the front of the figure instead of behind, and that it was this strange method of personal decoration that induced the supposition that women in the United States were perpetually "hind before." Some of the ladies I saw were very pretty, and there were some dangerous "twin invaders of domestic peace" in the shape of feet and legs (I have a strong suspicion that female America is famous for them) that made me mentally draw comparisons. But, England, dear old England! be not jealous; for, by all that a soldier and gentleman holds dear in leg and foot, you were not outdone, and in teeth, speaking collectively or nationally in that particular, you stand unrivalled.

IMMENSELY JOLLY—BUT DANGEROUS SOCIAL CUSTOMS.—In this passing glance at the social arrangements of the United States there is a fact which I approach with sentiments of the greatest delicacy, because it treats of a state of society which, while it is very beautiful, is nevertheless one that opens a wide door to abuse as well as to a state of Lynch law, from which, however useful at times, civilization in any country should be exempt. I allude to the great liberty given to girls as to their unchaperoned communication and association with men. They are permitted to attend balls with out a *chaperone*, and to ride, drive, and to walk without them—a state of things immensely jolly, and to the recipients of such freedom delightful; nevertheless, while I admit the happiness of such regulations or irregulations, I must not shut my eyes to the Lynch law or serious difficulty that very naturally, on such a state of freedom, as freely and according to nature, arises. The Lynch law to which I allude is, that if, when two persons are thus beautifully associated, the man commits, or is even supposed to have committed an error, the relatives of the girl take the law into their hands, and shield the girl, they at once give to the matter a terribly public complexion, by meeting the lover in the streets, and shooting him down as if he were a mad dog. I admire immensely the faith that mothers have in their daughters—I love the free intercourse of the spirit thus permitted—but I wonder not at the natural consequences that unlimited intercourse, or a notion of injured honor, or even mere jealousy, may occasion.

REAL AMERICAN GENTLEMAN THE TRUE ARTICLE—"PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT."—During the time that I was making these observations, I had been delivering my letters of introduction; a great many gentlemen were out of town, but those who were at home received me with the utmost friendliness and kind attention. If I had seen the lower classes rudely intoxicated with liberty, and many of the Boh-hoys disgustingly obscene, still, had I put them by the side of the inhabitants of the London Billingsgate in blackguardism, there would have been but little difference. A Billingsgate man by the side of a Boh-hoy, however, would have had this great advantage. In the former, though there might have been all and everything to condemn, there is no hail-fellow-well-met assumption as to being on a footing with his betters; while with the last there is that revolting assumption, and the thief who had stolen a crust of bread from a child's mouth, or her mite from the poorest widow, and who would meanly cheat to the fraction of a dime, would, in his unwashed depravity, have held out a hand to a gentleman as if he had been the ideal of chivalry and the personification of an honest man. The real American *gentleman* cannot be surpassed in high-toned feeling, graceful sentiment, urbanity, or courage; and though it is the fashion among some of my countryman to deny an aristocracy to America, I know that there is as high a feeling among her born gentlemen, and in the upper classes, as there is in any class in England, and as much difference between the American peer without a title and the American "villain" or Boh-hoy, as there is between the earls of England and the lowest of the working classes; and every hour this fact will become more manifest. The position taken by the class that may justly be termed "the Aristocracy of the New World," is, to my mind, at this moment peculiarly dignified and graceful, while at the same time I cannot but think that it bodes no good to the national prosperity, and proves the errors of universal suffrage. The upper classes stand aloof from the political world; they feel that they are unrepresented in Congress, and that they at present possess no power to compete with the overwhelming will of the masses. That numbers, and the hasty naturalization of foreigners, and a fluctuating, wild spirit for speculation, have usurped the functions of all who are possessed of real property, and that until this very false state of affairs rights itself, religion and law, education, wealth and strength, must be at a discount, or stand trembling on the eve of destruction.

I will not attempt to enumerate those from whom I received the utmost kindness and attention, lest I should unintentionally omit one, and thus appear a bankrupt in gratitude.—Some, who came prominently into my plans, I must of course individually refer to as my narrative proceeds, and I trust with justice; it is at present enough to assure my readers that I have a deep debt of obligation to all my transatlantic friends.

BAD EFFECTS OF BRANDY AND SMOKING.—For a man's individual consumption on the plains, during a month or six weeks, the quantity should be three dozen of sherry. Of course, a certain amount of good brandy should also be in store; though with the liver affected, as the plains affect it, I am convinced that brandy, or any spirituous liquor, and more particularly tobacco, are the worst things that can be taken. Unacclimatised as I was, I had less fever than my men, and no ague; and from the enervated state of the Americans generally (they are most indifferent walkers and very easily tired), I am perfectly convinced that they undermine their manhood by the unlimited and filthy use of tobacco in smoking and chewing, and that the copious expectoration in which they seem delightedly to revel, to the misery and disgust of all their fellow creatures who happen to be near them, is detrimental to their digestive organs, through the waste of the gastric juices, and that the citizens, if they took a turn for soldiering in foreign countries, would never live through a long campaign. Several of my friends in England advised me (though they knew that I never smoked a cigar) to be sure to take to the desert a good store of tobacco, and they smiled at the idea of my being able to do without it. I never touched either cigar or pipe, and when I, saw the condition to which the inveterate smokers and chewers of tobacco in the United States were reduced, when exposed to the terribly uncertain climate on the plains, or under violent exercise, I never could have been better pleased than I was with the abstinence from tobacco in which I had ever persisted.

AMERICAN RAILWAY CARRIAGES—NICE VEHICLES.—At Altona, (Penn.) I had time to consider the boasted comforts of the American railway. Some of my friends on board the Africa, in the voyage across the Atlantic, had assured me of its infinite superiority to the English lines thus:

"Yes, sir; you should see our railway carriages. Guess you'll be surprised! None of your little carriages, shut up, but each car like a great long passage; a path up the middle; yes, sir; and seats each side, with a door at each end. Yes, sir; at night—yes, sir—fine beds, so comfortable—sleep all the way; and if there are three cars, can walk out of one into the other, and do as you like; yes, sir."

Oh! after I had experienced the travel of these boasted trains, how I longed for the cleanliness and privacy, and civility and choice of society on the railways of old England. The American trains are filthy, their floors not only moist enough to wet through a moderately thick boot with the saliva and tobacco-juice from a hundred diseased teeth and stomachs, but the door at either end permits such a thorough draft right through, and the citizens of the United States have such a perpetual desire to open and shut them, that any man used to comfort is sure to catch the earache. Also, on account of the ladies' dresses! The hems of *those* beautiful white garments, that ought to be so snowy as to invite the lips of man, are stained three inches high with the filthy tobacco-juice, which it is impossible for them to escape.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.—In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadows with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has awaited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof chilled the ever-flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasps of the souls of those worn out by poverty and the never ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor. How often does the child—even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty—bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy marks about our footprints?

"FENCING IN" KANSAS.—A letter was received at the Metal Warehouse of Thomas S. Dickerson, No. 45 Wabash Avenue, to the following effect:—

DEAR SIR—Send me your terms for fence wire. I am thinking of fencing in Kansas.

Yours, &c.

The book-keeper into whose hands the letter fell, startled at the proposed territorial movement, fell into a brown study, and made a series of calculations, and relying upon the resources of the house in the line indicated, replied as follows:—

DEAR SIR—Have consulted the best authorities, and made an approximate calculation of the amount of wire it will require to "fence in" Kansas. We find that we have *just enough* if you order at once. Yours, &c.

—*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

☞ An old negro was on his dying-bed. Some one had done him a great injury, the forgiveness of which his faithful minister had labored hard to induce him to profess. At length, when just on the verge of the borderland, a strong, last appeal was made:—"Tom, won't you forgive him?" "Well, massa, if I'm going to die, I suppose I must; but if I ever do get well, I'll give him another dig."

BATHING—GYMNASTICS.

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, of Newburyport, whose exploits in winter bathing we chronicled the other day, communicates some interesting facts to the Newburyport Herald, in relation to his experience, and the benefit of bathing. He says:

"I have bathed, by sponge, or shower, or plunge, for these twenty years—for nine years last past in the river or open sea. As to the utility of bathing I will cite a few facts. While a student for some years at Oberlin College, and surrounded by hundreds of young men, I found those who bathed regularly enjoyed better health than those who did not. I was for some years at the Graham House, in New York. A portion of the boarders bathed, and among others, Hon. Horace Greeley, who on one occasion observed to me, that those who reduced bathing to a system rarely suffered from colds or other sickness, the cold water and good habits of those who bathe on principle, keeping them well. As a laborer at the missionary grounds, the 'Five Points,' and officiating as chaplain in one of the hospitals, I have waited on the sick and those dying of almost every disease, but suffered no injury. Thrice have I served as surgeon of ships with an aggregate of six hundred souls, with cholera, ship and shore patients on board, and once as master, with my first and second officers both ill at the same time, one with small pox, but never have I seen those who systematically bathed suffer from disease.

"This is the fourth winter I have bathed in the river or sea since my return to the United States. I have run five miles, divested myself of clothing, dashed into the river, swam amid the ice cakes, then dressed and ran two miles home. I have dived into the stream from the end of a pier seven to fifteen feet into the channel, whose rapid current and tidal motion ordinarily prevented freezing—or if frozen, I have cut the ice, and at no time this or the preceding winter have I been sheltered by house or shed; but after bath, such is the warmth that summer clothing would suffice for covering. The coldest morning it was 15 degrees below zero, or 47 below the freezing point. I usually run a couple of miles, use flesh brush and towels, sometimes stand in the snow, frequently dry myself in snow storms and cold North-East winds. I take for beverage no coffee, tea or spirituous drinks; nor do I use tobacco. I never feel cold after leaving the water; never suffer from cold; never have coughs; I never have had disease of any kind; no aches; no pains. My bathing time is by or before sunrise.

"Cold baths should not be used at all times. I know of but one rule for guidance. Should reaction occur after bathing, it is a safe practice—not otherwise. No man can judge for another—every one may for himself. If, immediately after the shock, plunge or shower, a warm glow is diffused over the body, it is beneficial. Again, never bathe when fatigued. Exercise or circulate the blood by friction. Never feel timid if there is reaction. Wipe dry."

Lest his indiscreet townsmen should all rush into the river before breakfast some fine cold morning, the editor of the Herald very wisely reminds them that "what is one man's meat is another's poison," and therefore it is best not to be in a hurry to follow Dr. Smith's example of river bathing in winter. He enforces his advice by the following gymnastic observation:—

"We have seen the operation of such things before. A time since, Dr. Winship, the strongest man in America, came here and delivered a lecture on 'Physical training.' He showed how easy it was to raise twelve hundred pounds dead weight, shoulder a barrel of flour, and play with dumb-bells weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. Immediately a hundred or two persons, by private exercise or the aid of the gymnasium, expected to do the same; and a dozen or more have been used up in the trial. We saw one with his arm in a sling for two weeks; another who was all bent up by a strain of the back; and a third who lost his wind and thought he was dying, from a fall over a vaulting bar. When now a man passes in the streets, lame, stiff, or maimed, it is common for the boys to say they guess he belongs to the gymnasium. It is probable that quite as many of Dr. Winship's disciples will kill themselves as improve their powers by following in his footsteps; and we have our fears that many more of Dr. Smith's would drown themselves by winter bathing, than follow the practice daily for one week."

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
—*Coleridge.*

☞ GREAT SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—Which is the right side of twenty? What do you say to fourteen? Is twenty-one the wrong side? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of twenty, or the right side of thirty? Has forty any right side at all, nearer than some figure under thirty? If there is a right side of forty, is it not that which is the nearer to three-score and ten?—*Punch.*

☞ A man may keep warm whilst he is struggling up the mountain-side, trying to outstep and overtop his fellows; but when the end is accomplished, and the effort over—when he finds himself alone on the highest peak, with the rest out of call, and almost out of sight below him—it is then, as in ordinary mountain climbing, that the feeling of chilliness must come on.

☞ A question for tailors—How is it that *lasting* buttons have to be renewed so often?

☞ *Old lady.*—What have you got there, sonny? *Boy.*—Pies en' cakes, mum! *Old lady.*—Oh, yes, pizen cakes, to pizen rats! Well, we haint troubled with the critters here, but if you go down where I live, you can sell lots of 'em!

☞ An English paper announcing that Earl Winchelsea is about to improve upon the "Book of Job," by putting it into English verse, fears its readers will have to put into practice much of the patience illustrated by the long suffering philosopher of the East.

☞ An Irishman being asked on a late trial, for a certificate of his marriage, took his hat off and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it had been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath a dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by,
The seed o'er the land is cast;
And in grave-like furrows the grain doth lie,
Till the weary months are past

In curling mist, and frosty air,
And weeping skies, it lieth there;
Or buried in the snow, or bare
To every wind that blows;
And Night's deep darkness, like despair,
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast
And sullen rain descending fast,
And snow-wreaths thickly o'er it cast.
And thunderous, darkening skies;
The very tempests roaring past
Strengthen it as it lies.

Anon a kindlier season shines,
And warmth and light, the spring's soft signs,
With many a beauteous blossom twines
The breast of icy Earth—
And the grain, in delicate emerald lines,
Springs up, a fairy birth.

The sunny months, in swift career,
Bring up the lusty ripened ear;
And the golden harvest time draws near,
And the reaper whets his scythe;
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear
Their shapes on the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days;
Reaped in the sunshine's mellow blaze;
Thus in the dim and wondrous ways
Of Fate are the deeds of men:
Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays,
Like storms that soften the grain,

Must test the heart's aspiring claim;
But every just and noble aim
Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame,
And in the appointed hour
Bring forth its fruit of wealth or fame,
Of knowledge, wisdom, power.

Sow, though in days of gloom, the seeds
Of manful toil and generous deeds,
Of stern self-sacrifice that heeds
Little the world's behest;
Cast out the lying thought that pleads
"Enough, now take thy rest."

In the winds of Scorn, the storms of Hate,
In the darkness of hope deferred full late,
Through days when the world shows desolate,
Must sleep the good deeds thou hast done;
Faithfully labor, patiently wait,
Thy work shall see the sun

That which was sown in the wintry air,
Shall blossom and ripen when skies are fair.
Though thine should be many an anxious care
Ere the harvest is gathered in—
Be stout to toil, and steady to bear—
The heart that is true shall win.

E. C. B.

CORSICAN HONOR.

A TRUE STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BETRAYAL.

On leaving Porto Vecchio for the interior of the island of Corsica, a rapid rising in the ground is perceptible, and the traveller, after a journey of three hours by the most tortuous paths, obstructed by huge rocks, and sometimes crossed by deep and dangerous ravines, finds himself upon the borders of a vast *maquis*.

This is the country of the half savage Corsican shepherds, and a place of refuge for those who have had the misfortune to embroil themselves with the law.

The Corsican peasant, having a rooted antipathy to labor of any kind, has hit upon a plan to spare himself the trouble of manuring the field, or fields he may own. This plan is a very simple one, and worthy its unscrupulous originator. He sets fire to a certain extent of wood, and should the flames travel further than intended, so much the worse for those who come in their way. The end desired being accomplished, what other care has our friend? He is sure to gather a rich harvest from the soil; fertilized by the ashes of the trees that so lately had drawn their nourishment from its bosom. The roots of these trees protected by the earth, have escaped the fire, and soon show signs of life, throwing out shoots, that in a few years form a dense thicket seven or eight feet high. It is this mass of vigorous and tangled vegetation in which different species of trees and shrubs are mingled and confounded, that has received the name of *maquis*. Through this verdant wall the axe alone can hew a passage, where even the wild animals of the country fail to penetrate.

Should you have killed a man—and, if you are a Corsican, the chance is by no means a remote one—make the best of your way at once to the *maquis* of the Porto Vecchio. With a good gun and plenty of ammunition you may there live in security—taking care not to forget a large brown mantle furnished with a *capuchon*, or hood, which serves alike for bed and covering. The shepherds will sell you milk and cheese, and you will have nothing to fear from the pursuit of justice or the relatives of the dead, excepting when obliged to descend into the town to renew your supply of ammunition.

Mateo Falconi, when I was in Corsica in 18—, had his house some half a league from this *maquis*. He was a man who might be accounted rich for that country, living like a nobleman—that is, doing nothing but deriving his means from the produce of his flocks, which were driven hither and thither by their shepherds, wherever good mountain pasturage could be found. Figure to yourself a man small in stature, but of great strength, hair in crisp curls as black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, and large piercing eyes. As a marksman his skill was regarded as extraordinary, even in a country where one may be said to be almost born with the finger on a trigger. It is no wonder then, that this reputation caused him to be considered as dangerous an enemy as he was known to be a firm and faithful friend. It is true he now lived in peace with all the world in the district of Porto Vecchio, but it was related of him, that at Corte, from which place he had taken a wife, he had without scruple, put a rival out of the way, who had passed for one as redoubtable in war as in love. At least, rumor attributed to Mateo a certain musket shot that had struck his rival while that unlucky person was quietly shaving before a little mirror suspended against his window. In Corsica such affairs are of too common an occurrence to excite more than a passing attention, and Mateo, freed from an irritating rivalry, married the young woman upon whom he had cast the eyes of preference.

Guiseppa Falconi presented her husband in due time with three daughters—a proceeding which greatly enraged him, the softer sex occupying by no means the first place in Corsican estimation; but Guiseppa made matters right again by giving birth to a fine boy, whom the happy father named Fortunato, and looked upon as the hope of the family, and inheritor of its time-honored name. The daughters were all well married, and their father could, in case of need, count upon the poniard and carbines of his sons-in-law. Fortunato, at the period of the event I am about to describe, had only attained his tenth year, but had already given indications of more than ordinary promise.

On a certain day in autumn, Mateo, accompanied by his wife, left his house to visit one of his flocks, feeding in a glade of the *maquis*. The little Fortunato begged to accompany them, but the feeding ground was too distant—besides, some must remain behind to take care of the house. Mateo therefore refused his son's request, a refusal which, as we shall soon see, he had terrible cause to repent.

Mateo and his wife had been absent some hours, and Fortunato lay tranquilly stretched upon the ground, basking like a little brown lizard in the sun. He was meditating upon a promised treat in store for him on the coming Sunday, when he was to pay a visit to the distant town and dine with his uncle, the magistrate; his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp report of a gun. He sprang to his feet, and turned towards that side of the plain from whence the sound had proceeded. Shots were now fired at unequal intervals, but each report approached nearer and nearer to where the boy was standing. At last, in the narrow path that led from the plain to the house of Mateo, there appeared a man, wearing the pointed cap of the mountaineer; his clothes were in tatters, and he leaned for support upon his gun, as he dragged himself painfully along. He had received a musket-ball in the thigh, from which wound the blood was slowly trickling.

This man had been proscribed by the law, and having descended into the town during the night to purchase some ammunition, had, on his way back to the mountains, fallen into an ambuscade of Corsican Voltigeurs. After a vigorous defence he had succeeded in making his retreat, though hotly pursued and fired at from rock to rock. But the soldiers were rapidly gaining upon him, and any attempt to reach the *maquis* before being overtaken or shot down by his pursuers, was now rendered hopeless by the severity of his wound.

With an effort, he approached Fortunato, and said:—

"Thou art the son of Mateo Falconi?"

"Yes!"

"I am Gianetto Sanpiero, pursued by the yellow collars. Quick! conceal me somewhere, for I can go no further!"

"What will my father say should I hide you without his permission?" asked the child.

"He will say you have done well."

"How do I know that?"

"Quick! quick! I tell you the blood hounds are at hand!"

The boy never moved an inch.

"Wait till my father returns, and then—"

"Wait!" cried the outlaw. "Malediction! Boy, do I not tell you they will be here in five minutes. Hide me! or—" and he grasped his gun, "I will kill you where you stand!"

Fortunato laughed, and answered with the greatest *sang froid*.

"Your gun is already discharged, and you haven't another cartridge in your pouch."

The man cast a look of mingled rage and admiration at the child.

"I have my stiletto," he said.

"Bah! you must then run as quick as I can, I have but to give a leap, and I am out of your reach."

"Go!" said the outlaw contemptuously, "you are no son of Mateo Falconi, for were you of Mateo's blood, you would die rather than let me be arrested before the very door of his house."

The child appeared touched; he reflected for a moment, then glanced up sharply into the other's face.

"What will you give me if I hide you? A safe place is worth paying for."

The man thrust his hand into a leathern purse suspended from his girdle, and drew forth a five franc piece, that he no doubt had reserved to buy powder.

Fortunato's face brightened at the sight of the silver, and as the outlaw tossed it towards him, caught it before it fell to the ground.

"Fear nothing," he said, "I will do the rest."

And running towards a heap of hay placed near the house, he pulled out a quantity, and motioned to Gianetto to place himself in the cavity thus made. The outlaw was not slow in obeying these directions, and the child heaped the hay over him in such a manner, that though it admitted air enough to enable him to breathe, it was next to impossible to suspect it concealed a human being. In addition to this careful arrangement, Fortunato, with the quick sagacity of a young savage, bethought him of the cat, that with her newly arrived family of kittens, was slumbering on the threshold. He accordingly made them a comfortable bed upon the heap of hay as proof positive that it had not been disturbed for some time. Then remarking the traces of blood upon the path near the house, he carefully covered each spot with dust; having done this, with the greatest tranquillity he laid himself down in the sunshine, regarding as before with half-shut sleepy eyes, the blue mountains in the distance.

It was time, for but a few minutes had elapsed, when six men, in brown uniforms with yellow collars, and commanded by an Adjutant, came rapidly up the path, and halted before the house of Mateo. This Adjutant was in some way a relation of Falconi's (for in Corsica as in Scotland, the degrees of relationship are carried much further than elsewhere.) His name was Tiodoro Gamba, and his restless activity had rendered him much feared by the outlaws, many of whom he had already tracked and captured in their haunts.

"Ah! a good day to you, my little cousin," said the Adjutant to Fortunato, who had lazily lifted his head some few inches from the ground to glance at the new comers; "how you have grown since I saw you last. Did you see a man pass this way just now?"

"Oh! but I'm not yet so big as you are, cousin," replied the child, his countenance assuming an air of the most *naif* innocence.

"All in good time. But tell me, have you seen a man pass by here?"

"Have I seen a man pass?"

"Yes, yes. A man wearing a pointed cap of goat skin, and a vest embroidered with red and yellow?"

The boy sat up, and seemed endeavoring to recall something to his recollection, repeating—

"A man in a pointed cap, and his vest embroidered with red and yellow."

"Yes—answer then, and leave off repeating my questions."

The boy clapped his hands, as though having searched his memory, he had at length found what he sought.

"This morning, a man passed sure enough."

"Good!" said the Adjutant, "we have got the right pig by the ear at last."

"But it was only Monsieur le Cure upon his horse Piero. He stopped to ask me after the health of papa, and I told him that—"

"Ah! little rascal!" cried the Adjutant, with a gesture of impatience, "you would play with me, would you! Answer me at once—which path did Gianetto take, for it is him we seek, and I am certain he passed this house?"

"Who knows?" said the child, quietly

"Who knows! I know that you saw him, cunning little fox that you are."

"Is it possible, then, to see when you are asleep?"

"You could not have slept; the reports of our guns must have awakened you."

The child shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you think, cousin, that your muskets make so much noise? My father's carbine makes twice as much."

"Confound the little rascal!" muttered the enraged Adjutant. "I am certain he has seen Gianetto, and who knows, perhaps concealed him. Come, comrades," he said, "into the house with you, and see if our man is not somewhere there. He had only one leg to walk with, and has too much sense, the scoundrel, to try to reach the *maquis* by hopping. Besides, the track of blood stops here."

"And what will my father say, think you?" demanded Fortunato, laughing till his white teeth gleamed again, "when I tell him who has entered his house in his absence?"

"Rogue!" said Gamba, at the same time seizing the child by the ear, "bethink you that I can make you quickly change your note. A score of blows with the flat of my sabre, and I shall get a little truth out of you."

Fortunato only laughed the more; "My father is Mateo Falconi," he said with emphasis.

"Do you not know, little trickster, that I can carry you away with me to Corte or Bastia, and have you placed in prison, with straw for your bed, and irons for your heels. That I can have you guillotined if you do not confess at once. Where is Gianetto Sanpiero?"

The child seemed only amused by this menace, and repeated,

"My father is Mateo Falconi."

"Adjutant," whispered one of the Voltigeurs, "'twere a bad day's work to give cause of quarrel to Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed by the increasing difficulty of his position. He spoke aside to the soldiers who had returned from an ineffectual search of the house; while Fortunato, who seemed to consider the affair at an end, amused himself by playing with the cat and kittens as they lay snugly among the hay.

A soldier had approached the heap, and after looking at the cat gave at hazard a bayonet thrust into the hay, shrugging his shoulders as he did so, feeling his precaution ridiculous.

Nothing stirred, and in the face of the child there was not the slightest trace of emotion.

The Adjutant and his troops gave the boy a hearty curse or two, and after more whispering, seemed disposed to retrace their steps, and return to the town; when suddenly an idea occurred to their chief. Menaces it was clear would have no effect with the son of Mateo Falconi. There was still another plan to be tried.

"Little cousin," he said with a smile intended to express extreme amiability, "you were certainly born with your eyes open, and it won't be for want of seeing clearly, if you fail to make your way in the world. But you are not playing fairly with me, and, but that I would not give pain to my cousin Mateo, I would carry you into the town."

"Bah!"

"But when my cousin returns, I will tell him the whole affair, and he will whip you soundly."

"You think so?"

"You will see; but come, after all, if you will only be a good boy, I will give you something far better worth receiving than the whip."

The Adjutant drew from his pocket a silver watch, and holding it up by its bright steel chain, watched the countenance of the child whose eyes sparkled with a sudden covetousness as he regarded it.

"Ha! ha! little rogue, you would be well pleased to have such a watch as this hung round your neck when you walk up and down the street of Porto Vecchio, as fine and proud as a peacock, with everybody stopping you to ask 'What time is it?' while you answer, 'Look at my watch.'"

The child turned away his head.

"When I am bigger, my uncle has promised me a watch."

"True—but your uncle's son has one already—not one so handsome as this—yet he is younger than you."

Fortunato sighed.

"Well, what say you, cousin? shall this watch be yours?"

The child still glancing at the watch from the corner of his eye, resembled a cat presented with an entire bird. Feeling that so liberal an offer can only be made in mockery, he dares not stretch out a claw, but from time to time turns away his head as fearful of succumbing to the temptation, yet licking his lips with an air that says as plainly as tongue can speak, "Ah, but this mockery is cruel!"

Fortunato never raised his hand, but said with another irrepressible sigh—

"Why do you mock me thus?"

"By the keys of St. Peter! it is no mockery, only tell me where Gianetto is to be found, and the watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, at the same time fixing his large dark eyes upon those of the Adjutant, he endeavored to read what faith might be placed in his words.

"May I never gain my epaulettes!" cried the soldier, "if the watch is not yours on that condition. My comrades are witness, I will not go back from what I say."

While speaking he dangled the watch nearer and nearer, till it almost rested upon the pale cheek of the child. The shifting expression of his young face showed but too plainly the frightful combat that was taking place in his mind. A battle between an all devouring covetousness, and the respect due to the sacred law of hospitality. The naked chest of the boy heaved convulsively. He seemed suffocated with contending emotions, while before his eyes, touching his cheek, the watch still oscillated—its measured tic, tic, making music in his ear, while from its surface it flashed back the burning rays of the sun. At last, by slow degrees, he raised his hand towards the dazzling prize, the tips of his fingers touched it, it rested entirely in his hand; but the Adjutant never let go the chain. What a watch it was. The dial was pale azure. The case had been newly polished, and, in the sun, appeared all on fire; its rays had transmuted the silver into gold. The temptation was too strong, and the child yielded.

By an effort Fortunato quickly raised his left hand, and indicated, by jerking his thumb over his shoulder, the heap of hay towards which he had turned his back. The Adjutant comprehended the movement, and, with a smile of triumph, abandoned his hold of the chain: and Fortunato felt himself sole possessor of the watch. With the agility of a stag he bounded away, halting only to again examine his prize, when he found himself some ten paces from the heap of hay which the soldiers were about to toss aside.

Suddenly the entire heap was agitated, and springing from his now useless hiding place, appeared a man pale and bleeding, with a poniard tightly grasped in his hand. By a desperate exertion he sought to reach the Adjutant, but the effort proved too much for his failing strength—he reeled, and fell heavily to the ground. At the same moment Gamba threw himself upon him, and wrested the poniard from his hand.

Stretched upon the ground, and bound tightly with cords, the unfortunate Gianetto turned his head towards Fortunato, who had ventured to approach him. It was a glance more of contempt than anger.

"Bastard!" he said, hissing the opprobrious epithet through his clenched teeth; "said I not truly, you were no son of Mateo Falconi?"

The boy made no answer. A contest of emotions, noble and ignoble, the latter predominating, was at its height in his baby breast. Every trait of the Corsican seemed to be developed at once in this child's character. A dispassionate witness, had any such been there, would have shuddered to note the unmistakeable sign of incipient avarice in the lad's contemplation of his toy. Still, in the palpitating delight of his good fortune, he had a thought for the circumstances under which he had attained it, and he cast at the outlaw's feet the piece of money he had received, feeling that he had ceased to merit it; but Gianetto, without heeding the movement, turned to the Adjutant, and said in a tone of self-possession—

"My dear Gamba, as you must have already perceived, I am unable to walk, you will therefore be under the necessity of carrying me back to the town."

"You bounded along like a goat not half an hour ago; but be satisfied, I am so pleased to have got you at last, that I would myself carry you on my back for a league, and never complain of the fatigue; however, we will make a comfortable litter of branches, which, with your mantle, will serve till we reach Crespoli's farm, where we shall find horses."

"Thanks!" said the prisoner, "and I will request you to place an armful of straw upon the litter, that I may be more at my ease."

"It shall be done," answered Gamba, readily. Then turning to the child, he cried, "Fortunato, you young imp, bring hither some straw."

The boy never moved, for he neither saw nor heard what was passing. He had only eyes and ears for his glittering treasure—the too dearly bought silver watch.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"FAIR ROSAMOND."—Fair Rosamond was the daughter of Lord Clifford, a young and beautiful woman, witty, and of a most sweet disposition and temper, having been a great favorite with the nuns at Godstow, to whom at that time was entrusted the education of the daughters of the nobility. King Henry II. saw her, became enamored of her, and induced her to quit the quiet of her retirement, and to take up her residence with him at the Labyrinth at Woodstock, where she became the mother of two sons, William Longewood, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of York. Everybody knows the story of the thread by which the Queen managed to trace out her abode in the Labyrinth; but the romance of history dwindles away under historical research, and the general opinion now is, that she was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died a natural death, and was buried at Godstow, where a chalice being placed on her tomb, gave rise to the story of her having taken "a cup of cold plain."

TRUST AND FAITH.

Cares and grief may come to-day,
Clouds may gather thick and gray,
Sorrow near us oft may stray.

Yet through gathering mist and gloom
Some sweet flowers for us may bloom,
Some bright rays our path illume.

Every human heart must bear
Through Life's pilgrimage a share
Of its trials and its care.

Better for us not to gaze
Through the mystic floating haze,
Which hides the swiftly coming days.

Better for us day by day,
As we watch the shadows play,
For trusting faith to humbly pray.

That our Barque may reach the Land,
May anchor on that golden strand,
Where waits a glorious angel band;

Where light will banish all the gloom
Which shrouds the portals of the tomb,
Where flowers unfading ever bloom.

HOW MISS PHIPPS BECAME MRS. PHILLIPS.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

Authors and artists have imposed some most ridiculously untruthful types of character upon us. For example, what is the conventional notion of the old maid? Thanks to those unchivalrous caricaturists, the phrase suggests a picture of a lady with a figure like a ramrod, and a face like a winter-apple—a crab-apple—reserving her small remnant of sour milk of human kindness for her cat; as afraid of the men as Horace's Chloe; and feasting like a ghoul upon the mangled reputations of her youthful sisters. Well, now, my reader, look round your circle of acquaintance, and tell me honestly how many of such vestal virgins you can find. *I* never met with one, and, with your permission, will introduce you to a little body who is the very opposite of that abominable portrait—my friend, Miss Phipps.

As plump as a partridge, as blithe as a mavis, bright-eyed as a robin—such is Miss Phipps, as, on the last night of 1855, she sits in her doll's house of a cottage, in Pogis Parva, with her elder sister, Harriet, entertaining a tiny party of village friends.

The topic of conversation is a Mr. Phillips, a shy autumnal bachelor, who has recently taken up his residence in Pogis. So very shy is he, that he has had his pew in church screened, not only in front, but also at the sides, with lofty curtains, above which, when he stands up, the top of his head can just be seen by his fellow-worshippers, and behind which, at the close of the service, he remains perdu until the church is empty, having taken care to be the first to enter it. All the week long, he never stirs from his own premises, which he would seem to have selected for the sake of a brick-wall and a high holly-hedge, which shut them in on all sides. The rector is the only person who has visited him, and he reports that Mr. Phillips is an intelligent and well-informed, but most ridiculously nervous, man, with a perfect horror of womankind. His servants, to whom he rarely speaks, can give no further gratification to their village gossips' curiosity about him, than by telling them what he has for dinner; that he spends the day in reading in his study, or moping in his garden; and that they often overhear him walking up and down his bedroom at night, talking to himself.

Here is a mine of mystery for rural speculation! Our ladies, for the most part are very uncharitable in their conjectures. The rector's wife believes him to be a concealed atheist. Why cannot he show his face at church, she asks, like a decent Christian? Mrs. Squills, the surgeon's spouse, suggests that that night-walking and talking point to remorse for some great crime—perhaps a murder. Swindling finds more favor in the eyes of Mrs. Brown, the retired tradesman's wife. She would like to know whether Phillips is his name, and how he got his money. "Perhaps he's a coiner," whispers, in an awe-struck voice, her daughter Belinda, a great reader o romances. Miss Harriet Phipps, who is suspected of having had a love-affair long ago, is the only one who is not censorious; *she* hints that blighted affections may have caused his melancholy. But this compassionate hypothesis, in common with all its unkind predecessors, Aunt Rhoda scornfully scouts. In her opinion, the man is merely an absurd hypochondriac old bachelor, who has grown half-silly through living by himself, and having no one else to care for; and, as usual, sharp-sighted little Aunt Rhoda is right. She vows, moreover, that she will rout him out, and make him take a wife, and do some good in the village, instead of haunting his house like a selfish old ghost.

"Why not ask him yourself, Aunt Rhoda?" says Miss Brown. "Next year is leap-year, you know."

"Well," laughs Aunt Rhoda, "if I can't manage it any other way, I *will*."

"Oh, Rhoda!" exclaims shocked Sister Harriet.

Thus they sit chatting until the bells burst out with their joy-peal at the birth of the new year, when, with many expressions of surprise at the quickness with which the time has flown, they give each other the customary hearty greeting of the hour; and then the visitors clog and cloak, and scatter to their homes, the rector's wife tossing her head contemptuously when she meets the Methodists coming out from their "watch-night" service in their little meeting-house; in which manifestation of scorn I cannot sympathize with Mrs. Rector, there seeming to me to be a deal of solemn poetry in that rite. The few minutes before midnight, passed kneeling and in silence, whilst the clock ticks audibly in the hushed chapel, as if it were the heart of the dying year fast hastening to its final throb, struck me, when once I witnessed the service, as being about the most thrilling time I ever spent.

Leap-year is not three days old, when, in company with Mrs. Squills, Aunt Rhoda presents herself at the gate of Holly Lodge, and requests to be ushered into the presence of its owner. In vain does wondering John, the janitor inform her that "Master don't see nobody, miss." He *must* see *her*, as she has come on business. But when they are seated in the drawing-room, comes a request for the ladies to send in their message, as Mr. Phillips is too unwell to leave the library. "Very well, then, we'll go to him, John," says the undaunted little woman; and go she does, dragging her companion with her. Mr. Phillips, a tall, pale-faced man, with twitching lips and quivering fingers, starts from his chair at the apparition. Since they *have* bearded him in his den—caught him sitting on his form, perhaps, would be a more appropriate figure—he tries hard to be polite, kicks over the coal-scuttle in a nervous attempt to hand them seats, and stammers out a welcome, to which, however, his startled eyes give a decided contradiction. He looks a little relieved when he finds that the intruders have come for no more formidable purpose than to solicit a subscription to their Coal and Blanket Fund, and permits them to put down his name for a munificent sum, evidently hoping to bribe them into a speedy departure; but still Aunt Rhoda stays, rattling on about the weather, and the neighborhood, and general news, until his look of pain changes into a look of puzzle, and eventually into one of semi-pleasure. It is a novel and not altogether disagreeable sensation to have the stagnant waters of his existence stirred. Women, he finds, like other reputed monsters, are not quite *so* terrible when closely scanned; he can talk, after a bit, without stuttering and blushing, and when his visitors leave, escorts them not only to the hall door, but also to the garden gate.

Other local charities afford pretexts for other calls. Ruthlessly does little Rhoda bleed his purse, affirming that she ought to extract heavy fees for the good that she has done him. And, indeed, he is marvellously improved. He no longer denies himself to the village ladies, all of whom Rhoda introduces to him in turn. He ventures outside his gate on the week days; he joins the Book Club, and attends its meetings—at first, indeed, with the scared look of a snared thing, but he gets used in time to hearing his own voice in company, and proves a valuable acquisition to the society, not only by his suggestions as to the selection of their literature, but also from the interesting nature of his conversation. His front curtain at church is now undrawn, and rumor says that he looks a good deal more at Aunt Rhoda than at the rector. Belinda Brown, who is rather an old young lady, adds that it is really immodest for Miss Rhoda Phipps—*she* doesn't "aunt" her now—to call so often at his house; but she supposes that her *age* protects her.

At this spite and tattle, Aunt Rhoda only laughs. In all honesty of purpose, she simply tried to win a fresh patron for her poor clients, and to convert a sullen recluse into an agreeable neighbor. She has succeeded, so let rumor and Belinda Brown say what they please. It must be owned, however, that she takes a great interest in her *protege*, and champions him on all occasions against Harriet, who, now that her love-theory has proved false, and he lives like a commonplace gentleman instead of a romantic hermit, is rather apt—with a most mild malignity, however—to depreciate him.

New Year's Eve has come again; and a little after eleven the sisters are sitting—this time without company—in their little parlor, when they hear a knock at the front door. Rhoda, much astonished, runs to open it, and is still more surprised when Mr. Phillips enters. He has had a sad relapse—his *mauvaise honte* has come back as bad as ever. He can hardly be persuaded to be seated; he fidgets with his hat; he looks askance at Miss Harriet, as if annoyed by her presence, but turns pale with fear when by chance she rises, as if about to leave the room; he hems and haws; he begins sentences, and never ends them. "Deeply grateful to Miss Rhoda"—"object for existence"—"not let the year close," are the only intelligible portions—and these but partially intelligible—of his fragmentary utterances. Miss Rhoda soon understands him, however, and cheerily exclaims: "*I* know what you mean, Mr. Phillips; but you'll never say it, if I don't help you, for we can't send Harriet up into the bedroom this cold night; and if I wait till the clock strikes, I shall lose my chance of helping you. You want me to marry you, don't you? There, Harriet! I said this time twelvemonths that I'd ask him, and see I have!"

Neither Harriet, snugly housed in, nor we who visit at her happy, hospitable home have had any reason to regret that Miss Rhoda Phipps became, a month afterwards, Mrs. Henry Phillips.

WALKING AND SINGING FISH IN CEYLON.—We talk here of "a fish out of water," as an emblem of being in an untoward position, but it will hardly hold good in Ceylon. Some of these denizens of the water take a journey overland as a matter of course. The perch especially is fond of a walking tour and occasional change of scene. This little creature issues boldly from its native pools, and addresses itself to its toilsome march, generally at night or in the early morning, whilst the grass is damp with the dew; but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day, and Mr. R. L. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun. Others there are with musical powers, and who are apparently accustomed to gather together in caverns and hold a festival, the mellifluous echoes of which cause the boatman lingeringly to rest on his oars. But listen: "There was not a breath of wind or a ripple, except that caused by the oars. I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base."

KING BLADUD AND HIS PIGS.—The city of Bath has a curious and somewhat comic tradition that the old British King Bladud, being reduced by leprosy to the condition of a swineherd, discovered the medicinal virtues of the hot springs of Bath while noticing that his pigs which bathed therein were cured of sundry diseases prevailing among them.

THE IDYL OF A WESTERN WIFE.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

Straying here at dusk, I, a housewife merry,
Lean upon the fence, and listen through the gloom,
Watch the sunset fade from yonder gleaming ferry,
Harking with my heart for Joe's light whistle home.

* * * * * *

All so quaintly built, brown and low our house is;
Naught but simple-hearted shepherd folk are we,
But we live content as our own moss roses,
Tho' the noisy world doth mind not Joe and me.

Rustic King and Queen of these rural riches;
Humming hives of bees, and many flocks and herds,
And a beautiful and fruitful orchard which is
Full of sweet, sweet clover grass and nests of birds.

By a silver, broad, lone and silent river,
'Twixt the river and the mossy, ancient wood,
Is our rustic house; and the wood-fowl ever
Crieth all day through the peaceful neighborhood.

By the summer's fair, greenest-kirtled fairies
In the woodbine's flowering, dark-leaved sculpture laid,
In a cornice rare round our stoop; and there is
Love's own arbor seat and moon-paved promenade.

O'er it do the tall, clambering morning glories
Spill at morn their dainty cups of perfumed dew—
There walk Joe and I with our household stories—
I and Joe, good farmer Joe, when day is through.

Oh, how happy we! through the summer evening walking,
As the happy ones of ancient Arcady!
Oh, how happy we!—rustic married lovers talking,
Tho' the noisy world ne'er heard of Joe and me.

* * * * * *

Straying here at dusk, I, a housewife merry,
Lean upon the fence and listen through the gloom—
Watch the sunset fade through yonder gleaming ferry,
Harking with my heart for Joe's light whistle home.

CRACKING THE WHIP.

A SKATING STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. L. D. SHEARS.

"Go search the world o'er, if you will,
There's nought so fascinating
As when old *Boreas* storms and raves,
To go with girls a skating."

"Whither now, mad-cap Lizzie," said my Uncle Zeb, as he came into the long hall where I was trying on my skating shoes.

"Why, a skating, to be sure," I replied, "there is a perfect field of ice on the pond, and all the girls are going."

"And all the boys too, I dare say," interrupted Uncle Zeb. "Well, Lizzie, I suppose it is of no use for me to say anything against your going," and he gave a kind of half sigh as he looked at me, I thought somewhat sadly.

"And what objection can you have to my skating, uncle, pray tell. There's Uncle Bill's girls, and Sarah Dorman, and all the Westervelts are going."

"Aye, without doubt; every girl and boy in town will be there, not excepting our tom-boy, Lizzie; but mind you don't skate into any of the air holes on the pond."

"I shall be very careful, uncle, depend upon it." I looked back, with my hand upon the door knob. Uncle Zeb was looking so sadly at me that I paused and asked what had so suddenly clouded his usually exuberant spirits.

"An incident of my boyish days," he replied.

"Something funny, Uncle Zeb?" I asked; "if it is, I'll stay in doors and hear it," and I threw off my sontag and mariposa and pulled him down into an easy chair, while I drew an ottoman by his side and sat down in the range of the glowing grate to listen.

"Ah, Lizzie, you take me by storm; may be some—"

"Nay, dear uncle," I replied, clapping my hands over his mouth to prevent hearing a refusal. "There is no 'may be' in the case; you must tell me all about it; if you don't, I'll go out and skate right into one of those awful air holes, and break Ned Allen's heart, and then I guess you'll be sorry."

"Well, Lizzie, when I was a very silly fellow, scarcely out of my teens, I fell in love with a very pretty schoolmate of mine, by the name of Lotty Cranmer. You laugh, Lizzie, but I had a better excuse for my folly than most people who make choice of an *Eve*. She was very handsome, and sensible too. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, her high, broad forehead, and her jetty ringlets, her dancing black eyes, her rosy cheeks with their coquettish little dimples, and her little, soft, fair hand, which I—seldom enough—got a chance to squeeze. Ah, girls have changed amazingly since those times!

"Well, as I was saying, the love I felt for the pretty girl proved mutual, and we were silly enough to engage ourselves. Lotty was scarce sixteen, and I only twenty; in a word, we were nothing but foolish children, so what else could be expected of us. We exchanged rings, and the matter was to be kept a great secret between us, until we arrived at a suitable age and I had amassed enough of the 'needful' to support a wife.

"I took very good care of my betrothed in the meantime, however, and when our gruff old schoolmaster found fault with her for deficient lessons, I used to mutter 'curses not loud but deep' behind my algebra.

"The favorite amusement of the boys, as well as girls, was sledding down the steep hill on which our diminutive school-house was perched. I was the envied owner of a sled quite as large, if not as showy, as our modern cutters, and in our long intermissions I used to favor Lotty with many a ride, in preference to the other girls, which she took as her right, of course.

"One day, when the hill was in prime order for sleighing—a heavy snow having fallen a few days previous, which had ended in a little dash of rain and a keen nor'wester, thus rendering the surface as smooth as glass—I drew my sled to the top of the hill and took Lotty before me for a ride.

"At the foot of the hill ran a brook not deep but quite violent, and as the hill sloped gradually to the water's edge, it was necessary to strike the heavy heel of my boot deep into the crust which the rain had formed on the snow, to stop the sled as it neared the water.

"This I had done several times without accident; but once, venturing nearer the brink than usual, I found I could not readily break the crust.

"Whether it was that the surface was more impenetrable on the bank of the rivulet, or through fright at our disagreeable position, I know not; we were at the water's edge when I at last succeeded in staying my progress; but alas! no sooner were my boots fixed in the snow than the sled shot from under me and Lotty with it, and the next instant both were plunged into the water, while I remained, to the no small amusement of the lookers-on, with my heels still fastened in the ice, incapable of rendering her the least assistance, or of extricating myself from my ludicrous position.

"Lotty crawled out of her plunge bath without help, about as angry as it is possible for a woman to be, and with dripping garments, started for her home, which was but a few rods distant, replying only with a look of scorn to my entreaties that she would wait till I had recovered my sled, and I would draw her home.

"I made several advances towards a reconciliation, but they were received so coldly by Lotty, who had not spoken to me since the unfortunate adventure, that I resolved to let her 'pout it out,' contenting myself with the old adage 'the course of true love never *did* run smooth.' Trusting to the next few days to bring things straight, I, also, assumed an indifferent air towards my betrothed.

"This mode of treatment had the desired effect, and we were soon better friends than before; but this reunion proved as short-lived as it was sweet.

"We were all going a skating on the very pond where you had proposed to go this morning—by all, I mean the boys; for in those days girls would as soon have been caught in pantaloons as skates, and such things as 'ladies' skating shoes' had never been heard of; so the girls did not participate in the exhilerating exercise—save now and then when some good-natured fellow like myself gave them leave to hold fast to his swallow-tail coat, and slide behind him as he skimmed over the glassy surface—but contented themselves with watching the sport from the bank.

"'There is no fun in this, Zeb,' said Joe Burnet, one of our best skaters; 'we ought to get up something in which the girls can all join, instead of letting them stand on the bank freezing.'

"'Very well, boys, what shall it be? A reel,'

"'Crack the Whip'" is as good as anything,' was his reply. 'Now you stand here while I get the boys and girls all fixed in one long string, the first one taking hold of your coat-skirt, the second hold of his hand, and so on, all joining hands. Then when I give the word ready, you "strike out," and they will follow, sliding on the surface. Be sure that the first one has a firm hold of your coat, and after you get them all moving at pretty good speed, give a short turn, and that is 'cracking the whip.'"

"'But I see no sport in that,' I said.

"'You will,' replied Joe, 'when you get fairly moving; it enables them *all* to "strike out."'

"I looked down the long line formed on the ice, and near the end I discovered Lotty, her black curls waving in the wind. Determined to give her a good chance at sliding, I bade the one next me 'keep a good hold,' and at the word *ready!* from Joe, dashed off with all possible speed, the skaters stationed along in the line following my example. We were soon moving along with the velocity of a steam engine when I performed a 'right angled triangle,' and then paused and looked for the scattered company. The *whip was cracked*, and so were cranisms; girls and boys were scattered about promiscuously on the ice—some thrown one way and some another, but not one save Joe and myself standing.

"In spite of every attempt, I could not resist joining Joe in the laugh at the ridiculous figure they presented, scrambling about to gain their footing upon the ice. Soon singling out Lotty, who was one of the first to gain her feet, I approached. She stood with her back towards me, holding her handkerchief to her nose. I spoke, when I could cease laughing long enough to articulate, and as she turned to look at me, I saw her nose, before so thin and delicate, a regular acquiline, was quite flattened.

"'This is too bad, Lotty,' I said.

"'Too bad,' she repeated, with scorn.

"'Yes, indeed! I had no idea you were going to fall.'

"'You *knew* what you were doing, and have scarcely done laughing yet.'

"'Really, Lotty, you are too severe. I never "cracked the whip before—"'

"'And never will again with me,' she interrupted. 'Here, take your ring; our engagement is at an end; through you, sir, I am disfigured for life!'

"It was in vain that I assured her I should like her just as well with a hump on her nose (for it had already commenced swelling frightfully), that I thought it an improvement, she would not listen or reply to it, but dropping the ring at my feet, she left me. I did not stoop to pick it up, but crushed it in the ice with the heel of my boot, and I, too, left the pond quite crest-fallen, and heartily wishing Joe Burnet at the bottom of the Mediterranean for teaching me to 'crack the whip.'"

"And have you never made up with her since?" I asked.

"Never, Lizzie; the next week she went with an aunt to Rochester, to spend some time; her father died in her absence, and she never returned; for, her mother, as soon as the estate was settled, joined her there, and there they have remained, for aught I know, ever since."

"And that is why you have lived a bachelor? Ah! uncle, I suppose you thought your heart was broken as well as Lotty's nose."

"I was disappointed for a time, to be sure, but when I came to my senses (for all lovers are lunatics,) I was very thankful for my escape. A wife would have been a life-long trouble and annoyance to me; now, I have no one to say me nay. I come and go when I please, and am not bothered with band-boxes or baskets when I travel, like the poor woe begone benedicts I meet, now and then, in my peregrinations."

"But, uncle, I don't know if that is a right feeling; woman was created for man."

"So was Satan, my dear! A lucky escape! very lucky! I have never ceased to be thankful for it. But where are you going to, now?"

"Oh, I have nothing to stay for, now that you have told your story," I replied, adjusting my things for a skating frolic. "Come, uncle, go with me and 'crack the whip,' wont you? I declare, you look like anything but a disappointed lover, with your ruddy face."

"A lucky escape, Lotty, a lucky escape! I will go with you to keep you out of the air-holes, but I couldn't think of 'cracking the whip,'" he said, drawing on his comforter and rubbers, and pulling his cap over his ears.

We were not long in reaching the pond, where girls and boys were skating, cutting the pigeon wing, and having a good time generally, to the no small amusement of a crowd of spectators on the bank. My uncle took his station among them, and I joined the skaters; but soon, growing weary of the sport, I ran among the crowd, searching for Uncle Zeb. At last I found him where I least expected to, among a group of strangers who had been drawn thither by the novelty of the scene.

"Come, come, uncle," said I, taking his arm, "the girls are all tired of skating, and we want you to come and show us how to 'crack the whip,' won't it be capital sport, though?"

"I—I—I don't know how," he replied, looking so awkward and confused that I did not know what to make of it.

"Yes, but you do, though, for you told—" I was stopped short by an unmerciful pinch from my uncle. I carried the blue prints of his fingers on my arm for weeks after. I looked at him in surprise, and the next moment at a pale, black eyed lady standing beside him. She had an abundance of glossy ringlets which were coquetting in the wind, and a hump on her nose. Yes, as I live, this is Lotty Cranmer, my uncle's old flame, said I to myself, and, dodging out of sight as quickly as possible, I made inquiries regarding the stranger lady in black, to whom my uncle was so attentive that morning, and found I was right in my conjectures.

Just one month has passed since I sat on the ottoman, by my uncle's side, and listened to his tales of school-boy days. Ah! my dear Uncle Zeb! he is no longer a bachelor, but a benedict! In spite of "cracking the whip," and the *miseries* he escaped by it, in spite of band-boxes, baskets and bundles, Lotty Cranmer is *his wife*.

And I believe in my heart that she is quite as pleased at the union as my Uncle Zeb, for she wears a cheerful smile on her countenance, and her spirits are gay and buoyant, though the roses of her cheek have slightly paled by time, and there is now and then a thread of silver winding about in her curls. She has confessed to me that a desire had long been lurking in her heart to view once more the home of her childhood, and she had but that day arrived when Uncle Zeb (unfortunately) met her face to face, and the old acquaintance was renewed.

"Ah, uncle, *that* was not a lucky escape, after all," said I, on the eve of the wedding, as I met him in the hall. "You will grow old and wrinkled *so* fast now, and then what will you do with the *band-boxes* and *bundles?*"

"I declare, you ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum! I ought to have known better than to have let you into my heart's secrets, Lizzie, for you are but a *woman*," was his provoking reply.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

You say there's wrinkles in your face,
But I can see none there;
Ah! why should time his record trace,
Upon a page so fair!
You call them wrinkles, love, but still
In *this* we don't agree;
For you may call them what you will,
They *dimples* seem to me.

That youth does swiftly speed away
Has oft been said and sung—
Ah, me! it seems but yesterday
Since you and I were young.
Then graceful was thy youthful head,
With glossy, dark brown hair;
You say there's many a silver thread
Old Time has woven there.

Well, well! what matter, dark or gray,
Or smooth or wrinkled brow;
Thou wert not in thy palmiest day
More beautiful than now.
For still is thine the winning grace,
The gentle spirit thine,
That sheds o'er young or aged face
A loveliness divine.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

An Old "Salt's" Opinion of a Young Lam.—"You see," Buzzby would say to Fred, "it's not altogether that her figure-head is cut after a perfect pattern, by no means, for I've seen picture and statues that was better; but she carries her head a little down d'ye see, Master Fred, and there's where it is; that's the way I gauges the worth of young women, just accordin' as they carry their chins up or down. If their brows come well for'ard, and they seems to be lookin' at the ground they walk on, I knows their brains is firm stuff, and in good workin' order; but when I sees them carryin' their noses high out o' the water, as if they was afeard o' catching sight o' their own feet, and their chins elewated, so that a little boy standin' in front of them couldn't see their faces no how, I make pretty sure that t'other end is filled with a sort o' mush that's fit only to think o' dress and dancing."

Tell's Double.—Everybody knows the story of William Tell, but everybody does not know that an apple incident, the exact counterpart of his, is said to have occurred in Denmark. Here is the story, according to an old historian:—"Toko, a private soldier in the army of Harold, the fourth King of the Danes, boasted among others at a feast, that he had so great a dexterity in shooting, that he could shoot through an apple, though but a small one, that was set at a distance from him on the top of a staff. This coming to the king's ears, he compelled him to make the trial on his own son; and that unless at the first shot he should take off the apple, which should be laid on his son's head, he should lose his own head as the reward of his boasting. Toko, reduced to this necessity, advises the boy to stand with his head immovable at the twang of the string, and turned his face from him, that he might not fright at the sight of the arrow; and then taking arrows out of his quiver, at the first shot he performed it. The king asked, 'Wherefore he took more arrows than one?' 'To revenge myself on thee,' he said, 'if I had miscarried,' which the king, says the chronicler, took not amiss."

Faith in God.—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward; if we turn our eyes Godward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. "Go forward," is the voice from heaven; and faith obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. "God with us," is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things, for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all; we may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.—*Hewitson.*

NOTES ON NURSING:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

II.—HEALTH OF HOUSES.*

There are five essential points in securing the health of houses:—

1. Pure air.
2. Pure water.
3. Efficient drainage.
4. Cleanliness.
5. Light.

Without these, no house can be healthy. And it will be unhealthy just in proportion as they are deficient.

Pure Air.—1. To have pure air, your house must be so constructed as that the outer atmosphere shall find its way with ease to every corner of it. House architects hardly ever consider this. The object in building a house is to [illegible] and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among the children.

People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. More will be said about this further on.

Three Common Errors.

Three out of many "negligences and ignorances" in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens—1. That the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect those who are under her to be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it?—2. That it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean rooms while uninhabited; which is simply ignoring the first elementary notion of sanitary things, and laying the ground ready for all kinds of diseases.—3. That the window, and one window, is considered enough to air a room. Have you never observed that any room without a fire-place is always close? And, if you have a fire-place, would you cram it up not only with a chimney-board, but perhaps with a great wisp of brown paper, in the throat of the chimney—to prevent the soot from coming down, you say? If your chimney is foul, sweep it; but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one aperture; don't suppose that to shut up a room is the way to keep it clean. It is the best way to foul a room and all that is in it. Don't imagine that if you, who are in charge, don't look to all these things yourself, those under you will be more careful than you are. It appears as if the part of a mistress now is to complain of her servants, and to accept their excuses—not to show them how there need be neither complaints made nor excuses.

But again, to look to all these things yourself does not mean to do them yourself. "I always open the windows," the head in charge often says. If you do it, it is by so much the better, certainly, than if it were not done at all. But can you not insure that it is done when not done by yourself? Can you insure that it is not undone when your back is turned? This is what being "in charge" means. And a very important meaning it is, too. The former only implies that just what you can do with your own hands is done. The latter that what ought to be done is always done.

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I will tell you what was the cause of this hospital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the footpans!—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty;—it was that the furniture was always dusty;—it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned;—it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night;—it was that no window was ever systematically opened even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough, all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventible causes.*

Physical Degeneration in Families.

The houses of the grandmothers and great grandmothers of this generation, at least the country houses, with front door and back door always standing open, winter and summer, and a thorough draught always blowing through—with all the scrubbing, and cleaning, and polishing, and scouring which used to go on, the grandmothers, and still more the great grandmothers, always out of doors and never with a bonnet on except to go to church, these things entirely account for the fact so often seen of a great grandmother, who was a tower of physical vigor descending into a grandmother perhaps a little less vigorous but still sound as a bell and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly into a daughter sickly and confined to her bed. For, remember, even with a general decrease of mortality you may often find a race thus degenerating and still oftener a family. You may see poor little feeble washed-out rags, children of a noble stock, suffering morally and physically, throughout their useless, degenerate lives, and yet people who are going to marry and to bring more such into the world, will consult nothing but their own convenience as to where they are to live, or how they are to live.

With regard to the health of houses where there is a sick person, it often happens that the sick room is made a ventilating shaft for the rest of the house. For while the house is kept as close, unaired, and dirty as usual, the window of the sick room is kept a little open always, and the door occasionally. Now, there are certain sacrifices which a house with one sick person in it does make to that sick person; it ties up its knocker; it lays straw before it in the street. Why can't it keep itself thoroughly clean and unusually well aired, in deference to the sick person?

Infection.—We must not forget what, in ordinary language, is called "Infection;"†—a thing of which people are generally so afraid that they frequently follow the very practice in regard to it which they ought to avoid. Nothing used to be considered so infectious or contagious as small-pox; and peo-

* The health of carriages, especially close carriages, is not of sufficient universal importance to mention here, otherwise than cursorily. Children, who are always the most delicate test of sanitary conditions, generally cannot enter a close carriage without being sick—and very lucky for them that it is so. A close carriage, with the horse-hair cushions and linings always saturated with organic matter, if to this be added the windows up, is one of the most unhealthy of human receptacles. The idea of taking an *airing* in it is something preposterous. Dr. Angus Smith has shown that a crowded railway carriage, which goes at the rate of 30 miles an hour, is as unwholesome as the strong smell of a sewer, or as a back yard in one of the most unhealthy courts off one of the most unhealthy streets in Manchester.

† God lays down certain physical laws. Upon His carrying out such laws depends our responsibility (that much abused word), for how could we have any responsibility for actions, the results of which we could not foresee—which would be the case if the carrying out of His laws were not certain.—Yet we seem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—*i. e.*, break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility.

Sinks.—The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling into the air. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase from a grand London house from the sink, as I have ever met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all unventilated by the closed windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bed-rooms. It is wonderful.

Another great evil in house construction is carrying drains underneath the house. Such drains are never safe. All house drains should begin and end outside the walls. Many people will readily admit, as a theory, the importance of these things. But how few are there who can intelligently trace disease in their households to such causes! Is it not a fact, that when scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox appear among the children, the very first thought which occurs is "where" the children can have "caught" the disease? And the parents immediately run over in their minds all the families with whom they may have been. They never think of looking at home for the source of the mischief. If a neighbor's child is seized with small-pox, the first question which occurs is whether it had been vaccinated. No one would undervalue vaccination; but it becomes of doubtful benefit to society when it leads people to look abroad for the source of evils which exist at home.

Cleanliness.—4. Without cleanliness, within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless. In certain foul districts of London, poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dunghill near their houses. But does it ever occur to them that with many arrangements of this kind it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open? You cannot have the air of the house pure with dung-heaps under the windows. These are common all over London. And yet people are surprised that their children, brought up in large "well-aired" nurseries and bed-rooms suffer from children's epidemics. If they studied Nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt in heaps. Old papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, uncleansed furniture, are just as ready sources of impurity to the air as if there were a dung-heap in the basement. People are so unaccustomed from education and habits to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course, to be "resigned to" when it comes "as from the hand of Providence;" or if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they are very apt to commit all kinds of "negligences and ignorances" in performing it.

Light.—5. A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always

and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among the children.

People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. More will be said about this further on.

Three Common Errors.

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* I must say a word about servants' bed-rooms. From the way they are built, but oftener from the way they are kept, and from no intelligent inspection whatever being exercised over them, they are almost invariably dens of foul air, and the "servants' health" suffers in an "unaccountable" (?) way, even in the country. For I am by no means speaking only of London houses, where too often servants are put to live under the ground and over the roof. But in a country "*mansion*," which was really a "mansion," (not after the fashion of advertisements,) I have known three maids who slept in the same room ill of scarlet fever. "How catching it is," was of course the remark. One look at the room, one smell of the room, was quite enough. It was no longer "unaccountable." The room was not a small one; it was up stairs, and it had two large windows—but nearly every one of the neglects enumerated above was there.

† Is it not living in a continual mistake to look upon diseases, as we do now, as separate entities, which *must* exist, like cats and dogs? instead of looking upon them as conditions, like a dirty and a clean condition, and just as much under our own control; or rather as the reactions of kindly nature, against the conditions in which we have placed ourselves.

I was brought up, both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself, in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog, (or a first pair of dogs,) and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog.

Since then I have seen with my eyes and smelt with my nose small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms, or in overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been "caught," but must have begun.

Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now, dogs do not pass into cats.

I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus, and all in the same ward or hut.

Would it not be far better, truer, and more practical, if we looked upon disease in this light?

For diseases, as all experiences show, are adjectives, not noun substantives.

ple not very long ago used to cover up patients with heavy bed clothes, while they kept up large fires and shut the windows. Small-pox, of course, under this *regime*, is very "infectious." People are somewhat wiser now in their management of this disease. They have ventured to cover the patients lightly and to keep the windows open; and we hear much less of the "infection" of small-pox than we used to do. But do people in our days act with more wisdom on the subject of "infection" in *fevers*—scarlet *fever*, measles, &c.—than their forefathers did with small-pox? Does not the popular idea of "infection" involve that people should take greater care of themselves than of the patient? that, for instance, it is safer not to be too much with the patient, not to attend too much to his wants? Perhaps the best illustrations of the utter absurdity of this view of duty in attending on "infectious" diseases is afforded by what was very recently the practice, if it is not so even now, in some of the European lazarets—in which the plague-patient used to be condemned to the horrors of filth, overcrowding, and want of ventilation, while the medical attendant was ordered to examine the patient's tongue through an opera-glass and to lose him a lancet to open his abscesses with?

True nursing ignores infection, except to prevent it. Cleanliness and fresh air from open windows, with unremitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true nurse either asks or needs.

Wise and humane management of the patient is the best safeguard against infection.

WHY MUST CHILDREN HAVE MEASLES, &c.

There are not a few popular opinions, in regard to which it is useful at times to ask a question or two. For example, it is commonly thought that children must have what are commonly called "children's epidemics," "current contagions," &c., in other words, that they are born to have measles, whooping-cough, perhaps even scarlet fever, just as they are born to cut their teeth, if they live.

Now, do tell us, why must a child have measles?

Oh because, you say, we cannot keep it from infection—other children have measles—and it must take them—and it is safer that it should.

But why must other children have measles? And if they have, why must yours have them too?

If you believed in and observed the laws for preserving the health of houses which inculcate cleanliness, ventilation, white-washing, and other means, and which, by the way, *are laws*, as implicitly as you believe in the popular opinion, for it is nothing more than an opinion, that your child must have children's epidemics, don't you think that upon the whole your child would be more likely to escape altogether?

III.—PETTY MANAGEMENT.

All the results of good nursing, as detailed in these notes, may be spoiled or utterly negatived by one defect, viz.: in petty management, or in other words, by not knowing how to manage that what you do when you are there, shall be done when you are not there. The most devoted friend or nurse cannot be always *there*. Nor is it desirable that she should. And she may give up her health, all her other duties, and yet, for want of a little management, be not one-half so efficient as another who is not one-half so devoted, but who has this art of multiplying herself—that is to say, the patient of the first will not really be so well cared for, as the patient of the second.

It is as impossible in a book to teach a person in charge of sick how to *manage*, as it is to teach her how to nurse. Circumstances must vary with each different case. But it is possible to press upon her to think for herself: Now what does happen during my absence? I am obliged to be away on Tuesday.' But fresh air, or punctuality is not less important to my patient on Tuesday than it was on Monday. Or: at 10 P. M. I am never with my patient; but quiet is of no less consequence to him at 10 than it was at 5 minutes to 10.

Curious as it may seem, this very obvious consideration occurs comparatively to few, or, if it does occur, it is only to cause the devoted friend or nurse to be absent fewer hours or fewer minutes from her patient—not to arrange so as that no minute and no hour shall be for her patient without the essentials of her nursing.

A very few instances will be sufficient, not as precepts, but as illustrations.

A strange washerwoman, coming late at night for the "things," will burst in by mistake to the patient's sick-room, after he has *fallen* into his first doze, giving him a shock, the effects of which are irremediable, though he himself laughs at the cause, and probably never even mentions it. The nurse who is, and is quite right to be, at her supper, has not provided that the washerwoman shall not lose her way and go into the wrong room.

SICK ROOM AIRING THE WHOLE HOUSE.—The patient's room may always have the window open. But the passage outside the patient's room, though provided with several large windows, may never have one open. Because it is not understood that the charge of the sick-room extends to the charge of the passage. And thus, as often happens, the nurse makes it her business to turn the patient's room into a ventilating shaft for the foul air of the whole house.

An uninhabited room, a newly-painted room,* an uncleaned closet or cupboard, may often become the reservoir of foul air for the whole house, because the person in charge never thinks of arranging that these places shall be always aired, always cleaned; she merely opens the window herself "when she goes in."

DELIVERY AND NON-DELIVERY OF LETTERS AND MESSAGES.—An agitating letter or message may be delivered, or an important letter or message *not* delivered; a visitor whom it was of consequence to see, may be refused, or one whom it was of still more consequence to *not* see may be admitted—because the person in charge has never asked herself this question, What is done when I am not there?*

At all events, one may safely say, a nurse cannot be with the patient, open the door, eat her meals, take a message, all at one and the same time. Nevertheless the person in charge never seems to look the impossibility in the face.

Add to this that the *attempting* this impossibility does more to increase the poor patient's hurry and nervousness than anything else.

It is never thought that the patient remembers these things if you do not. He has not only to think whether the visit or letter may arrive, but whether you will be in the way at the particular day and hour when it may arrive. So that your *partial* measures for "being in the way" yourself, only increase the necessity for his thought. Whereas, if you could but arrange that the thing should always be done whether you are there or not, he need never think at all about it.

For the above reasons, whatever a patient *can* do for himself, it is better, *i. e.* less anxiety, for him to do for himself, unless the person in charge has the spirit of management.

It is evidently much less exertion for a patient to answer a letter for himself by return of post, than to have four conversations, wait five days, have six anxieties before it is off his mind, before the person who has to answer it has done so.

Apprehension, uncertainty, waiting, expectation, fear of surprise, do a patient more harm than any exertion. Remember, he is face to face with his enemy all the time, internally wrestling with him, having long imaginary conversations with him. You are thinking of something else. "Rid him of his adversary quickly," is a first rule with the sick.†

For the same reasons, always tell a patient and tell him beforehand when you are going out and when you will be back, whether it is for a day, an hour, or ten minutes. You fancy perhaps that it is better for him if he does not find out your going at all, better for him if you do not make yourself "of too much importance" to him; or else you cannot bear to give him the pain or the anxiety of the temporary separation.

No such thing. You *ought* to go, we will suppose. Health or duty requires it. Then say so to the patient openly. If you go without his knowing it, and he finds it out, he never will feel secure again that the things which depend upon you will be done when you are away, and in nine cases out of ten he will be right. If you go out without telling him when you will be back, he can take no measures nor precautions as to the things which concern you both, or which you do for him.

THE CAUSE OF HALF THE ACCIDENTS.

If you look into the reports of trials or accidents, and especially of suicides, or into the medical history of fatal cases, it is almost incredible how often the whole thing turns upon something which has happened because "he," or still oftener "she," "was not there." But it is still more incredible how often, how almost always this is accepted as a sufficient *reason, a justification; why, the very fact of* the thing having happened is the proof of its not being a justification. The person in charge was quite right not to be "*there*," he was called away for quite sufficient reason, or he was away for a daily recurring and unavoidable cause; yet no provision was made to supply his absence. The fault was not in his "being away," but in there being no management to supplement his "being away." When the sun is under a total eclipse, or during his nightly absence, we light candles. But it would seem as if it did not occur to us that we must also supplement the person in charge of sick or of children, whether under an occasional eclipse or during a regular absence.

In institutions where many lives would be lost, and the effect of such want of management would be terrible and patent, there is less of it than in the private house.‡

But in both, let whoever is in charge keep this simple question in her head (*not* how can I always do this right thing myself, but) how can I provide for this right thing to be always done?

Then, when anything wrong has actually happened in consequence of her absence, which absence we will suppose to have been quite right, let her question still be (*not*, how can I provide against any more of such absences? which is neither possible nor desirable, but) how can I provide against anything wrong arising out of my absence?

How *few* men, or even women, understand, either in great or in little things, what it is the being "in charge"—I mean, know how to carry out a "charge." From the most colossal calamities, down to the most trifling accidents, results are often traced (or rather *not* traced) to such want of some one "in charge" or of his knowing how to be "in charge." A short time ago the bursting of a funnel-casing on board the finest and strongest ship that ever was built, on her trial trip, destroying several lives and put several hundreds in jeopardy—not from any undetected flaw in her new and untried works—but from a tap being closed which ought not to have been closed—from what every child knows would make its mother's tea kettle burst. And this simply because no one seemed to know what it is to be "in charge," or who was in charge. Nay more, the jury at the inquest actually altogether ignored the same and apparently considered the tap "in charge," for they gave as a verdict "accidental death."

This is the meaning of the word, on a large scale. On a much smaller scale, it happened, a short time ago, that an insane person burned herself slowly and intentionally to death, while in her doctor's charge and almost in her nurse's presence. Yet neither was considered "at all to blame." The very fact of the accident happening proves its own case. There is nothing more to be said. Either they did not know their business or they did not know how to perform it.

To be "in charge," is certainly not only to carry out the proper measures yourself but to see that every one else does so too; to see that no one either wilfully or ignorantly thwarts or prevents such measures. It is neither to do everything yourself nor to appoint a number of people to each duty, but to ensure that each does that duty to which he is appointed. This is the meaning which must be attached to the word by (above all) those "in charge" of sick, whether of numbers or of individuals, (and indeed I think it is with individual sick that it is least understood. One sick person is often waited on by four with less precision, and is really less cared for than ten who are waited on by one; or at least than forty who are waited on by four; and all for want of this one person "in charge.")

It is often said that there are few good servants now; I say there are few good mistresses now. As the jury seems to have thought the tap was in charge of the ship's safety, so mistresses now seem to think the house is in charge of itself. They neither know how to give orders, nor how to teach their servants to obey orders—*i. e.*, to obey intelligently, which is the real meaning of all discipline.

Again, people who are in charge often seem to have a pride in feeling that they will be "missed," that no one can understand or carry on their arrangements, their system, books, accounts, &c., but themselves. It seems to me that the pride is rather in carrying on a system, in keeping stores, closets, books, accounts, &c., so that anybody can understand and carry them on—so that, in case of absence or illness, one can deliver everything up to others and know that all will go on as usual, and that one shall never be missed.

NOTE.—It is often complained, that professional nurses, brought into private families, in case of sickness, make themselves intolerable by "ordering about" the other servants, under plea of not neglecting the patient. Both things are true; the patient is often neglected, and the servants are often unfairly "put upon." But the fault is generally in the want of management of the head in charge. It is surely for her to arrange both that the nurse's place is, when necessary, supplemented, and that the patient is never neglected—things with a little management quite compatible, and indeed only attainable together. It is certainly not for the nurse to "order about" the servants.

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* Why should you let your patient ever be surprised, except by thieves? I do not know. In England, people do not come down the chimney, or through the window, unless they are thieves. They come in by the door, and somebody must open the door to them. The "somebody" charged with opening the door is one of the two, three, or at most four persons. Why cannot these, at most, four persons be put in charge as to what is to be done when there is a *ring* at the door-bell?

The sentry at a post is changed much oftener than any servant at a private house or institution can possibly be. But what should we think of such an excuse as this: that the enemy had entered such a post because A and not B had been on guard? Yet I have constantly heard such an excuse made in the private house or institution, and accepted: viz., that such a person had been "let in" or *not* "let in," and such a parcel had been wrongly delivered or lost because A and not B had opened the door.

† There are many physical operations where *cæteris paribus* the danger is in a direct ratio to the time the operation lasts; and *cæteris paribus* the operator's success will be in direct ratio to his quickness. Now there are many mental operations where exactly the same rule holds good with the sick; *cæteris paribus* their capability of bearing such operations depends directly on the quickness, *without hurry*, with which they can be got through.

‡ So true is this, that I could mention two cases of women of very high position, both of whom died in the same way of the consequences of a surgical operation. And in both cases, I was told by the highest authority that the fatal result would not have happened in a London hospital.

But, as far as regards the art of petty management in hospitals, all the military hospitals I know must be excluded. Upon my own experience I stand, and I solemnly declare that I have seen or known of fatal accidents, such as suicides in *delirium tremens*, bleedings to death, dying patients dragged out of bed by drunken Medical Staff Corps men, and many other things less patent and striking, which would not have happened in London civil hospitals nursed by women. The medical officers should be absolved from all blame in these accidents. How can a medical officer mount guard all day and all night over a patient (say) in *delirium tremens*? The fault lies in there being no organised system of attendance. Were a trustworthy *man* in charge of each ward, or set of wards, not as office clerk, but as head nurse, (and head nurse the best hospital sergeant, or ward master, is not now, and cannot be, from default of the proper regulations,) the thing would not, in all probability, have happened. But were a trustworthy *woman* in charge of the ward, or set of wards, the thing would not, in all certainty, have happened. In other words, it does not happen where a trustworthy woman is really in charge. And, in these remarks, I by no means refer only to exceptional times of great emergency in war hospitals, but also, and quite as much, to the ordinary run of military hospitals at home, in time of peace; or to a time in war when our army was actually more healthy than at home in peace, and the pressure on our hospitals consequently much less.

It is often said that, in regimental hospitals, patients ought to "nurse each other," because the number of sick altogether being, say, but thirty, and out of these one only perhaps being seriously ill, and the other twenty-nine having little the matter with them, and nothing to do, they should be set to nurse the one; also, that soldiers are so trained to obey, that they will be the most obedient, and therefore the best of nurses, add to which they are always kind to their comrades.

Now, have those who say this, considered that, in order to obey, you must know *how* to obey, and that these soldiers certainly do not know how to obey in nursing. I have seen these "kind" fellows (and how kind they are no one knows so well as myself) move a comrade so that, in one case at least, the man died in the act. I have seen the comrades' "kindness" produce abundance of spirits, to be drunk in secret. Let no one understand by this that female nurses ought to, or could be introduced in regimental hospitals. It would be most undesirable, even were it not impossible. But the head nurseship of a hospital sergeant is the more essential, the more important, the more inexperienced the nurses. Undoubtedly, a London hospital "sister" does sometimes set relays of patients to watch a critical case; but undoubtedly, also, always under her own superintendence; and she is called to whenever there is something to be done, and she knows how to do it. The patients are not left to do it of their own unassisted genius, however "kind" and willing they may be.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A PLEA FOR OLD CHEESE.—Mite is right.—*Saturday Press.*

NEWS ITEMS.

TO BE KEPT FROM THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRIESTS.—An order has been issued, it is stated in an English paper, by the French Minister of War, forbidding soldiers in garrison at Paris, or any other town in France, from attending worship in parochial or conventual churches, and intimating that, for the future, provision would everywhere be made within barracks for the regular celebration of mass. The origin of this regulation is said to be the efforts on the part of the priests to influence the minds of the soldiery in favor of the Pope.

A QUEBEC chemist has recently published the result of a chemical analysis of some of the articles of consumption sent to that city by "New Yorkers." In Crosse & Blackwell's pickles, which bear the label "no sulphate of copper," he did not find this salt, but sulphate of iron instead. In sherry wine he discovered an immense quantity of salt. In green tea he found copperas. The gin was nothing but whiskey and essence of juniper. And in the best qualities of snuff, he found peroxide of iron and other chemicals to the extent of *one-fifth of its bulk.*

EARLY FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The Savannah (Ga.) Republican, of the 27th ult., says that strawberries and asparagus have made their appearance in that market.

RECENT letters from England, say that the fugitive, Mrs. Gurney, who went off to France with her captivating coachman, has already repented of her bargain, and wants to get back to her former home. But the husband does not care to take up with cast-off wares of this kind, and is applying for a divorce.

THE tea plant grows in the Agricultural Garden at Washington. It is said that it makes a finer flavored dish of tea than that usually imported. It is drank without milk, and has a rich oily taste.

SOME of the truck farmers on Long Island have 15 to 18 acres in cucumbers. From 3½ acres 60,000 have been sold in a day and 81,000 worth in a week. They are planted 4 by 4½ feet apart, five plants in each hill. So says a correspondent of the London Gardener's Chronicle.

AN amusing occurrence took place in the New Jersey State Senate, at Trenton, on Monday last. A rumor having obtained currency that the wife of the Senator from Burlington, had recently presented him with triplets, a resolution was presented, tendering him the congratulations of his peers, and recommending that his example be followed by the entire body of grave and reverend Senators. The resolution was laid on the table, amid a terrific explosion of laughter, which could not be restrained, the lobbies relishing the joke equally as keenly as those within the bar.

AS an illustration of the condition of the shoe trade in Boston, at the present time, it is stated that women's shoes, of the styles for which the strikers demand thirty-three cents simply for making, have been sold in that city, the last week, for thirty cents per pair by the case.

WE regret to learn that a still greater change for the worse, has taken place in the health of Miss Florence Nightingale than was even lately announced, when great fears were entertained. She has left Hampstead for London in consequence.

WIVES, never snatch your husbands' tobacco. Last Thursday, a gentleman on a train from Washington to New York, in company with his wife, had occasion to take from his pocket a piece of tobacco wrapped in paper, and instead of taking the weed, as she supposed, drew out a roll of bank bills, amounting to $250, when his wife playfully snatched the same from her husband's hands and threw it out of the window. The gentleman returned on the next train in search of his lost treasure.

THE Governor of Virginia has made a requisition on the Governor of Ohio for the arrest of Owen Brown and Francis Merriam, alleged Harper's Ferry insurgents, who are supposed to be now residing in Ashtabula county. Governor Dennison declines issuing the warrants for their arrest, and has communicated his reasons to Governor Letcher.

THE bill telling certain of the New York State railroads has passed the Legislature of that State.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—The Legislative Committee on Courts of Justice have reported that it is inexpedient to take any action in reference to the commutation or reprieve of Stevens and Hazlett. The House of Delegates have adopted resolutions adverse to the Southern Conference proposed by South Carolina, by a vote of 90 to 42.

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT.—There is, it is said, in a collection of plants in Cambridge, Mass., one of the most remarkable and beautiful camellias ever produced. There are, on the same plant, various colored flowers, some nearly white, some white striped with crimson, and various other varieties. It is the first time such a combination of colors in the flowers of one camelia has ever been known.

THE Indiana divorce law, tightening the connubial yoke, and preventing divorce upon trifling causes, has been declared unconstitutional. Cause—error in quoting title of old law.

ADULTERATIONS OF LIQUORS.—Dr. L. G. Miller, inspector of liquors for Wayne county, Michigan, says that out of three hundred and eighty cases of whiskey inspected in and near Detroit, he found only two pure. He did not find a single drop of pure French brandy. Of one hundred and four samples of gin, he found but twenty-nine genuine. Out of thirty-two samples of Jamaica rum, he found but nine genuine. The Irish and Scotch whiskies were pure generally. Of Port wine the genuine article is seldom sold.

PURCHASE OF THE "PAN HANDLE."—Resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of this State, contemplating the purchase of that portion of Virginia known as the "Pan Handle." It empowers the Governor to appoint three commissioners, to meet a similar number to be appointed on behalf of Virginia, to negotiate such cession. The Pennsylvania commissioners are to report the terms and conditions, if any are agreed to, to the next sessions of the Legislatures of the two States.

THE New Orleans Bulletin says that a tannery firm there has been putting the numerous alligators which swim lazily about the bayous and swamps of Louisiana in the sun to a useful purpose. They have been making their hides into leather, and a capital article it is said to be. Quite a number of the citizens were wearing shoes made of it, and spoke of it in high terms.

CURIOSITIES AT DENVER CITY.—A card, or pack of cards, that is not marked.

A child between the ages of seven and twenty-one that does not everywhere and always wear his belt and navy shooter.

A handsome woman over the age of thirteen summers that marshals less than ten or twenty beaux.

A mountain man who has not ten or twelve "gulch claims" for sale, and which he "knows will not average over $5 to the pan."

MRS. CROCKETT, the widow of Col. Crockett, who fell at the Alamo, died lately in Texas.

AN electrical machine has been constructed in Paris, by an American, so powerful that it readily evolves electric sparks fifteen inches long. It charges an ordinary Leyden jar three times a minute, the discharge being as loud as the detonation of a musket. An observer writes:—"When the distance between the poles had been decreased to a single inch, producing an apparently continual elec ric current, I touched a cigar to the flame, literally igniting it by lightning. The experiments were conducted by Prof. McCullough, of Columbia College, New York, and M. Foucault, of the Paris Observatory. It is probable that this machine, a triumph of American perfective industry, will be purchased by the French government for the Polytechnic Institute."

NOT BAD.—Parson Brownlow's son having been engaged in a recent difficulty at College, his father writes an explanation, which concludes as follows:—"As he is not, and never was, a quarrelsome young man, and in morals will compare favorably with the better class of young men at colleges, I respectfully suggest to newspaper editors and their correspondents, the great injustice of visiting upon him the political or personal sins of his father, *over whom he has never exercised any control!*"

THE CHICAGO ELECTION.—John Wentworth's (Republican) majority for Mayor, is upwards of 1,200 votes. The remainder of the Republican ticket is elected by about the same majority. The total vote was nearly 19,000.

CONGRESS.—The Kentucky Senate rejected the bill prohibiting the marriage of cousins, yeas 11, nays 19.

THE last number of The Sturgiss (Mich.) Republican comes to us containing the extraordinary intelligence that a very fortunate Mrs. E. B. Day, of that village, heretofore a lady in moderate circumstances, has inherited as an heir of the late Sir Francis Drake, a princely fortune of *forty-eight million of dollars.* Mrs. Day is a widow.

LADY OFFICE-HOLDERS.—An English paper gives the following item in relation to the ladies of the royal household of the Queen of England:

The Mistress of the Robes is an office of great importance, and one of the best in the gift of a Ministry. The duties distinguish the holder above all others; for instance, that of riding in the royal carriage on all State occasions, and robing the Queen at the ceremonials of importance, though the actual manipulation connected with the duties of Mistress of the Robes is usually performed by attendants on the person of the Sovereign. Groom of the Stole is rather a curious office to attach to that of Mistress of the Robes, but, perhaps, requisite when a female was on the throne.

The Stole is a narrow vest, formerly embroidered with roses, fleur-de-lis, and crowns, and lined with sarsenet. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, held both of these offices in the reign of Queen Anne, and so did the Duchess of Somerset. The salary was then £800, and is now £500 per annum. The Ladies of the Bedchamber—the duties are connected with all things pertaining to the Royal sleeping and dressing apartments, of which they have the complete superintendence and control, as well also of the apparel of the Queen. The Bedchamber Women are seven in number, and their salaries and duties are similar to the Ladies of the Bedchamber. In the correspondence of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, there are some singular illustrations of this office. Maids of Honor are of ancient date, and of considerable importance. They were always well paid and well cared for by royalty.

The Chronicles of the reign of Henry VIII., give numerous examples of this fact. An order for the provision of one of the ladies of honor to Catherine, is very minute; and among other things, provides her with a gallon of ale for breakfast, and a chime of beef; a piece of beef and a gallon of beer for dinner. In the afternoon a gallon of ale and a manipie of bread; and for supper a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, and a gallon of ale; after supper, half a gallon of wine and bread. In 1775 the ladies petitioned for an increase of salary instead of rations for supper, and were allowed £70 per annum. Their duties in the present day are to attend on the Queen; the turn of the eight ladies being according to an order drawn up each year. The salary is £300 per annum.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The real name of the Emperor of China is seldom or ever known. Upon ascending the throne he assumes a name by which, when spoken of, he must be called; for to pronounce or write his proper one, by accident or intention, is death to the divulger of the secret, and to his family; and if a rich man, the confiscation of his property ensues. A literary man, having accidentally used the word "Ming" (which happened to be the reigning monarch's name) in his work, suffered, with his sons, the extreme penalty of the law; his wife and daughters, with the other members of his family, were banished, and his estates confiscated.

☞ One of the latest interpretations of the character of *Hamlet* is that he was a gambler, for he says, "How absolute the *knave* is; we must speak by the *card*."

☞ In Iceland saddles grow ready made. The grass so interweaves its roots and mats itself, that a turf cut and dried forms the softest kind of a saddle, and the turf might possibly be used to stuff mattresses.

☞ A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—*Addison.*

☞ "It is awful," says Thackeray of Dean Swift, "to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart: the Kings can have no company."

☞ THE QUALITIES WHICH COMMAND SUCCESS.—One of the great aids or hindrances to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. The best temperament is a combination of the apprehensive and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly they rely upon nothing and upon nobody.—There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, "What shall I do if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect?" This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution.

☞ Did you ever see a man in the crowded thoroughfare, flounder in the long skirt of a lady's dress, and, after recovering himself with great effort, look at her as if *she* ought to be ashamed of herself?

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.
—*Cotton.*

☞ WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED.—"They say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and haddocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that."—*A Persevering Husband.*

BARBARISM IN A MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF CORRECTION.—The disclosures made before the Legislative Committee on Prisons, as to the treatment of prisoners in the house of correction at East Cambridge, are most revolting. They remind us of the scenes in Dickens's parochial school and work-house and the inimitable cunning and cruelty of Squeers. The prisoners have been fed on putrid meat, stale and wormy fish and half-cooked mush. If they refused to eat the repulsive stuff, or complained of it, they were shut up in cold cells for punishment, where some of them had their feet frozen. Sometimes the food was so disgusting that twenty-five or thirty of the prisoners would refuse it, and some of them would pick fragments of brown bread from the swill barrels, and gnaw the bones which had once contained undecayed meat, partially to appease their hunger. Thomas E. Tarbox, who for four years had charge of the cook-room says that "very bad beef was cooked and served out; it smelt bad, and was green; occasionally it was good; one day I showed Mr. Adams (the keeper) a barrel of bad beef; he said it was good enough, and told me to cook it; this style of meat was served out about a quarter of the time, and good meat the rest of the time." C. Bentley, who was also employed in the cook-room, says that the fish was often putrid and full of worms, which were cooked with the fish, and the white bread was sour and made of bad flour. Miss Ann Sawyer and Mrs. Asenath Fletcher, matrons in the institution, both testified to the bad provisions. Mrs. Fletcher had seen maggots an inch long in the beef. They both testify that the sick often suffered from cold, and in one instance a woman who had just given birth to a child, suffered intensely from cold. Joseph Nickerson, one of the overseers, said Mr. Adams ordered him to shut up prisoners who complained of their food; it was the general rule to do this. Charles Williams, a prisoner who was discharged on the 9 h of January, testified that he was kept three days in a solitary cell on the stone floor, with half a blanket, and had his feet frozen. William Rankin, a discharged prisoner, testified that "the corned beef and fish were very bad; the quantity was so small, that I have frequently gone to the swill barrel and got bones; the quantity of meat given was very small; I used to sleep cold; I was confined in solitary one day and night, for speaking in violation of rules; I couldn't sleep, as I had nothing to lie on but stones, and it was cold." Such are some of the secret crimes and cruelties of a Massachusetts house of correction, going on for years unsuspected by the community.—*Springfield Republican.*

SAD EVENT.—A strange event has occurred here, which excites a great deal of conversation. A young lady, belonging to one of our best families, who recently married a most estimable gentleman, whom she loved, apparently happy, certainly wealthy, free from all care, fond of life, committed suicide—I had almost said involuntary suicide, a few days ago. It seems she had a quarrel with her husband about some trifle or another; in a moment of passion she snatched up the dagger on her chimney-piece (it is a common ornament of mantels here) and plunged it into her heart, falling dead instantly. Her husband is greatly distressed. It is believed she intended merely to give a feigned blow. This tragic event recalls to mind the death of the Duke de Grammont—the eldest brother of the Duke Grammont, (he got his title by his eldest brother's death, who perished on the Pacific, while on his way to join the French Legation at Washington; deny fatality in families!) who, one day, playing with a pistol, stood before a looking-glass, opened his mouth, and saying to his friends who were with him, "Just think—isn't it strange? that all a fellow has to do to end his life is to hold the pistol here, move his finger slightly, and crack!" involuntarily he touched the trigger, the pistol exploded, and he fell a corpse in the midst of his friends.—*Paris Corres. N. O. Picayune.*

JOSEPH SMITH, JR.—*Efforts to Place Him at the Head of Mormonism.*—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Nauvoo, under date of the 15th ult., says: Joseph Smith, Jr., son of the late Prophet, is here, as also the other members of the family. Joseph is understood among the Saints to be the successor of his father in his prophetic office, and it is hinted among the would-be wise ones that he is about to assume the robes of his sacred office. Be that as it may, it is true that he is now entertaining a delegation from Salt Lake, who are using every persuasion in their power to convince the young prophet that he is called of God forthwith to assume the office, and proceed to Salt Lake, and take the head of the Mormon Council. Joseph is a man of good, strong sense, and should he undertake the station, I have no doubt would endeavor to make a reform among his people. He is decidedly against polygamy, in favor of obedience to law, and opposed, in any form, to *milking the Gentiles.*

REPAIRING RAILROAD IRON.—The Great Western Railway Company (Canada) has introduced a new system of repairing damaged and worn-out railroad iron. The mode of accomplishing this is simple, and is said to be very successful. The process is somewhat as follows:—A rail which is damaged at the end by the peeling off of a portion of it, or the spreading consequent on hard work, can have a new piece put in in a very short time, and that, too, in such a manner that the rail is better, and will stand more wear and tear than when new. The rail is heated to a white heat, and a piece of common bar iron welded into the damaged spot, and the rail is as good as new. This operation may be performed to a greater or less extent, as the case may be. The great advantage of this system over re-rolling is its cheapness. The repairing costs six dollars per ton, while to re-roll them would cost thirty dollars.

THE RESULT OF VACCINATION.—Much excitement is said to exist in Westford on account of results which have attended several cases of vaccination. The Lowell Courier says that on Monday, 20th ult., Mr. Samuel Fletcher, Postmaster, was vaccinated; that he commenced to have chills and swelling the next day; that mortification ensued, and that he died on Saturday. He was sixty-eight years of age, and a much respected citizen. Six others have been affected in a similar way, though it is hoped not so dangerously. The matter used was procured from the city physician of Boston, who has gone to Westford to investigate the cases. Some who have been vaccinated with the same matter have experienced no unfavorable effects from it.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Rumors were current of an address, which was attributed to King Victor Emmanuel, calling Naples and Sicily to an insurrection.

The armament preparations in Piedmont are being accelerated.

A congregation held at the Vatican, had decided that the King of Sardinia shall not be excommunicated, whatever political events may supervene.

A report was current that a plot against the Emperor Napoleon had been discovered.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 205—Adults 98, and children 107.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concerned in charity.
—*Pope.*

☞ Books and learning may give a man power and confidence; but, unfortunately, they are often very far from giving him either feeling or politeness.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Strange Story—The Ghost of a Benedictine Monk Appears to a Novice.—We alluded recently in a paragraph to a current report that the apparition of a priest had appeared to the living at Latrobe; and we present below a detailed account of this supernatural phenomenon, in which the exaggerations of the current rumor are corrected, and the reality of the appearance affirmed. After all, there is nothing more marvelous in this than in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," and Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World," while it is better authenticated than half of the narratives admitted into those volumes of the supermundane. Those, therefore, who are ready to subscribe to the truth of the narrations given by Owen—who, himself, has come to believe in an intermediate state of progression—will be sadly puzzled upon what grounds to discard the Benedictine Monk of St. Vincent's Abbey, as an illusion. The following is the communication of the worthy Abbot:

"Editors Despatch—*Dear Sirs:* A friend of mine handed me a copy of the Despatch of the 20th last., drawing my attention to a 'Queer Story,' telling that recently, while 'Mass' was being celebrated in Latrobe, the spirit of some priest or saint appeared and communicated the information to the *Assembly*, that it was all a misapprehension about 'Purgatory,' no such place of intermediate state of probation existing, and worse than all, that but two priests had yet found their way to Heaven.

"The truth is that at St. Vincent's Abbey, near Latrobe, a Novice saw, from the 18th September until the 19th November, 1859, every day, from eleven to twelve o'clock, A. M., or from twelve to two o'clock in the night, the apparition of a Benedictine Monk in his full festival dress. After all, he asked him, in the presence of another member of the order, what he wanted. The spirit then answered that he had been suffering seventy-seven years already, because he had not said seven *Masses* of obligation; that he had appeared to seven Benedictines, at different times, and had not been heard; and that he would have to appear after eleven years again, if *he* would not help him. He wanted then seven 'Masses' said for him; besides this, the Novice should, for seven days, observe the strictest silence and retreat, and more, he should say for thirty-three days, each day three times, the 'Fiftieth Psalm,' barefooted and his arms stretched out.

"This was done from the 21st November till the 25th December, when the last Mass was celebrated, and the Ghost disappeared. During this time he had appeared several times again, exhorted the Novice most impressively to pray for the *Souls in Purgatory*, since they suffer very hard, and, consequently, are very thankful to those who concur in their redemption; and, sad enough, said that of the five priests who had already died at the *Abbey*, no one was yet in Heaven, but suffering in *Purgatory*.

"This is, in substance, the facts that gave origin to your strange report. We give it as much credit as it deserves; but this report is correct. "B. Wimer, Abbot.

"St. Vincent's Abbey, 26th Feb., 1860."

Chinese Sugar Cane.—At the last meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, Mr. Sidney G. Fisher read a long communication from Mr. Milton Conrad, of Chester Co., Pa., in relation to the cultivation of the "Sorghum Sucre," or Chinese Sugar Cane. Mr. Conrad gave the result of his experience in raising the cane, which was favorable to its introduction as a standard crop for farmers. He asserted that the crop was a paying one, as it would yield a profit nearly twofold that of corn. Comparing the two crops, the production per acre showed the following result: Chinese sugar cane yielded 170 gallons molasses, valued at $63,75; Indian corn, 45 bushels, valued at $31,50, leaving a balance of $32,25 in favor of the sorghum over the corn crop. The letter of Mr. Conrad gave full information concerning the mode of selecting the seed, how to plant it, and the means to be pursued to successfully cultivate the sorghum. It stated, also, that the quantity of syrup produced from the cane in Chester county alone, was only 2,500 gallons during 1858, while in 1859 it reached 15,000 gallons, which he considered an evidence that the growing of the cane was a profitable business.

Mr. Fisher read a statement endorsing the facts presented by Mr. Conrad, pending which the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, formerly of this city, but now residing in Luzerne county, stated that in addition to the advantages claimed by Messrs. Conrad and Fisher for the sorghum, the "begasse" or waste, is worth $6 an acre cultivated, for the manufacture of printing paper. He stated that the paper upon which a recent edition of the Ledger was printed, was partly made from this material.

Winning Ways.—Winning ways the Western ladies have. One D. J. Houseman removed to Michigan from Ohio four or five years since. While residing in Michigan his wife died. Subsequently he became acquainted with a young lady in that State, and made an arrangement of marriage with her. But of a sudden he returned to Yates, Ohio, and has since resided there. A few days ago the Medina stage carried a lady passenger to Yates, who, soon after arriving at the hotel, sent for Houseman. The latter obeyed the summons, and almost immediately after his entrance into the room was accosted by the lady, who asked if he was willing to perform his engagement. At the same time she drew a six-barrelled revolver, and, pointing it at him, stated that she would give him the contents if he refused. Under the inspiration of the six-shooter, added to the charms of the young lady, Houseman admitted that he was willing, and the ceremony was at once performed. Mrs. H. is evidently not a lady to be trifled with.

A Non-Intercourse Man Converted.—The Chattanooga (Ga.) Advertiser gives the following romantic conversion of an anti-Yankee Georgian:—

"Not a thousand miles from here, there lives a gentleman of the real thunder and lightning, red flag school of political belief; a 'jem up' Southerner, and death upon the Yankees. He was a widower, and had a daughter attending school, and on ascertaining that the teacher was one of the Down East girls, took his daughter from school, resolved to have nothing to do with the Down Easter—wasn't going to have his daughter taught by any such personage. Shortly after he took his daughter from school, he happens to be travelling on the same train with the Yankee school marm, is introduced, is rather pleased, becomes interested, is got, and is a goner. The Yankee school teacher is now Mrs. ——."

A Smart Boy.—At present the main stay of Speaker Pennington is the page who stands upon the right, a youth of fine appearance, and something near 18 years of age. This page was first appointed to office by Speaker Boyd, and has ever since continued to discharge the duties of "page to the Speaker," among which is now reckoned the duties of prompting the Speaker in discharging his business. He stands near the Speaker, and directs him in an undertone how to put every motion, and how to decide points of order as they arise. "Thaddeus" is known to all the politicians of the country as the most remarkable parliamentarian of his age living. With the construction of the rules of order he is perfectly familiar, and every precedent he has at his fingers' ends.

French wines which now pay a duty of twenty-four cents per bottle, when imported into England will henceforth, under the provisions of the new treaty, be admitted at four cents a bottle.

A Vote for a Kiss.—Among the stories told of the canvassing in Paris for the seat in the French Academy, made vacant by the death of De Tocqueville, is the following by the Boston Traveller's correspondent:

A lady, one of the most beautiful women in Paris, warmly advocated Father Lacordaire's claims to the vacant seat, intending her eloquence for the ear of an eminent member of the Academy, who happened to be in the room. In conclusion, she directly appealed to him to give the friar his vote. He replied: "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the most beautiful and most intellectual woman of her day, took a most active part in the canvass for Charles James Fox. In her zeal for the eminent orator, she even went so far as to solicit in person the votes of the humblest freemen. She was of the greatest service to the Whig party; her winning beauty, her rank, and the splendor of her equipage, made her indeed an irresistible advocate. In the height of the canvass she appealed to a butcher for his vote. He said she might have it if she would allow him to kiss her. She accepted his terms. He kissed her. Fox got his vote." The advocate of Friar Lacordaire understood the apologue, and, holding out her cheek to the very celebrated, but very ugly academician, said: "Take your price!" The bribe was instantly taken. Finally, the Rev. Father secured his triumphant election.

Improvement in Ladies' Extension Skirts.

The great objection to ladies' extension skirts has always been their *inconvenience*. This has at length been overcome by Mr. J. A. Osborn, of the late firm of Osborn & Vincent, the well-known skirt manufacturer, who has just produced and patented an extension skirt that is extremely flexible and convenient in carriages, cars, and stages. It is made by gumming two fabrics together, and so closely uniting them that separation is impossible.

"The Champion Belle," as this new skirt is called, is exceedingly light and graceful, and will be preferred, we believe, to any other for its *comfort* and *durability*. Mr. Osborn's large establishment in Warren street, New York, is well worth a visit. The different processes of his manufacture are highly interesting, and the system with which each department is carried on is admirable.

The number of skirts made there daily seems incredible, and is alone sufficient to show that they are far from going out of fashion. We hope, now that they are as perfect as the "Champion Belle," and so many young girls are employed in their production, they will long continue to be worn. The favorite "Imperial Skirt," also of Mr. Osborn's manufacture, has been greatly improved, and is still in considerable demand.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is very little export demand for Flour, and the inspections are larger than last week, but the high prices paid for Wheat with the advance in the neighboring markets, has stiffened prices here, and holders are asking 12½@25c ₱ bbl more, the sales reaching some 8000 bbls, part for shipment, at $5,75@6; $6,25 for Brandywine; $6@6,25 for extras, the latter for good Lancaster county, and $6,37½@6,75 ₱ bbl for extra family, as in quality, including about 2500 bbs extra and extra family Flour, on terms kept private, the trade have been buying moderately at the above rates for superfine and extras, and $6,87½@7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, the market closing quiet but very firm at these figures. Rye Flour is getting scarce, and about 400 bbls sold at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ bbl—which is better. Corn Meal is not inquired for, and Penna is dull at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and holders, under a moderate milling demand, have put up their prices 3@5c ₱ bus, since last week, the sales footing up about 15,000 bus, in lots, at 138@145c for fair to good and prime reds, and 155@160c for white, mostly in store, the market closing with an upward tendency. Rye is also better, and all the Pennsylvania offered, some 2500 bus sold at 92@93c. Corn is but little inquired for, and dull at about last week's rates; some 28,000 bus yellow found buyers at 73@74c, in store and afloat, and 72c for white; some of the latter, damaged, sold by auction, at from 45 to 70c. Oats unchanged, with sales of 10,000 bus to note at 44@45c for Pennsylvania, the latter for heavy, and 42½c for Delaware, in store and afloat. Barley and Malt have been selling, to a fair extent, at 80@85c for the former, and 92@100c for the latter, cash and on time.

PROVISIONS—The market generally has been quiet this week, but without much change to note in prices. Mess Pork selling in a small way at $18,50. Some Rump sold at $14 and old prime at $13,50 ₱ bbl. City Mess Beef sells as wanted for ship stores at $13@15 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sales have been light at 10½@12½c for Hams, 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, with the usual credit. Sales of 600 casks are reported at 9@10c for Hams in salt and pickle, 7½c for Shoulders, and 9½@9¾c for Sides in salt. Some considerable sales of bulk Meats are also reported at 7½c for Shoulders and 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 150 boxes middles at 9¾c, all on the usual credit. Of Lard some 700 tcs and bbls are reported, part at 11½@11¾c and part private. Kegs are quoted at 11½@12c, and but little doing. Butter continues dull, solid selling slowly at 10@11c, mostly at 10½c for good lots, and Roll at 15@16c, as to quality. Cheese is unchanged and ranging at 10½@11½c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 16c ₱ doz.

COTTON—*The foreign news has had little or no* effect upon the market for this staple, but with a limited demand from manufacturers, who buy only to supply their immediate wants, prices have ruled irregular, and in favor of the buyer. The week's sales include only about 850 bales, in lots, chiefly Uplands, within the range of 10½@12½c, cash and time.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering or selling, and a few small sales have been made at $29 ₱ ton, at which rate the market is steady.—Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—Some further small sales of Yellow are reported at 35½@36c ₱ lb.

COAL—There has been very little doing, and the market is unsettled and dull, but without any material change to note.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue very light, and the market is nearly bare in first hands, with a fair inquiry from the trade to notice, and some 3000 bags Rio have been disposed of in lots, mostly to come from another market, at 12½@13c; 600 bags St Domingo also sold at 12c, and some Java at 15½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, and without any change to note. Of Yellow Metal, sales are reported at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—There is a moderate business doing, and some 4000 lbs good and prime Western only have been disposed of at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT moves off slowly at 6@6½c ₱ lb for Dried Apples; $2@5 ₱ bbl for Green do, and $8@14 for Cranberries, as in quality; Dried Peaches are scarce, and selling as wanted at 9@12c for unpared, and 14@16c ₱ lb for pared.

HEMP—The market remains extremely quiet, the stock being pretty much in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES are firmly held, but buyers come forward slowly, and we are only advised of a sale of 2800 Caracoas at 22c on time; the Porto Cabellos have gone to New York.

HOPS continue to sell as wanted at 12@18c for Eastern and Western as in quality.

IRON—There is some inquiry for Pig Metal, but generally at prices below the views of the makers, who are firm in their demands; sales of some 6000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal are reported at $22@23 for No 2 and $24 for No 1, on time, for future delivery. Scotch Pig is quiet and held at $25@26, 6 mos, the latter from the yard. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull and prices are nearly nominal. In Rails and Bars there is a moderate business doing, and prices are steadily maintained. Nails are also steady, with rather more doing.

LEAD—The stock is light and the only sale we hear of is a small lot of Virginia at $5,80. A sale of 180 tons foreign is also reported in a neighboring market, to come here at $5,75 the 100 lbs.

LEATHER—For Spanish Sole and Slaughter there is a fair demand, but other kinds are dull and neglected, and prices are nominally unchanged

LUMBER—There is very little arriving, and we are only advised of some further sales of White Pine shipping Boards at $14 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is better, and the sales include a cargo of clayed Cuba at 27c; some Muscovado do at 30c, and prime New Orleans at 47½c, all on the usual credit.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, but some 2000 bush have been taken, in lots, at from $4,25 to $4,75 for common to good and prime quality, mostly at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ bus, including some from second hands at 7@7½c ₱ lb. Timothy is selling at $3,37½@3,50, and in lots, from store, at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed comes in slowly, and commands $1,60 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin continues limited, and prices, especially of the former, are firm. N. E. Rum is steady at 35@37c. Whiskey has been rather more active, but prices are unchanged, Penna. bbls selling at 23c, Ohio do, 24@24½, the latter for prime packages, drudge 21½@22c and hhds at 22½c.

SUGAR—The market, with fair receipts, opened dull and unsettled, and sales reach about 900 hhds, at 6¾@7¼c for Cuba and New Orleans, on the usual terms. At the close, however, the feeling was better, and prices improved ¼c.

TALLOW is firm, and city rendered rather scarce at 11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is no alteration in the market and a moderate business doing in both leaf and manufactured.

WOOL—The market remains inactive and prices about the same, with sales of 125,000 lbs to note in lots, within the range of quotations, including 60,000 lbs foreign on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. Prices were steady at the rates last quoted, from 7 to 10c ₱ lb for ordinary and good qualities, and as high as 10½c were paid for a few extra fine head. Sheep—9000 head arrived, and sold at from 5½ to 6½c ₱ lb, equal to 11@12c dressed.

At Imbeff's Hog market 1736 head arrived during the week. The selling prices were for "still" fed $7 to 8,50, and for corn fed $8 to 8,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 10.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour buoyant—sales of 7300 bbls at $5,25@5,30 for State; $6,05@6,25 for Ohio, and $6,@6,25 for Southern. Wheat is held at an advance of 1@2c. Corn firm; sales of 15,000 bus at 78@81½c. Pork quiet but steady at $17,12½@18,75 for Mess, and $12,50@14,75 for Prime. Lard heavy at 10½@11c. Whiskey steady.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, March 1st, by the Rev. C. Ritter, Mr. John D. Mendenhall, of Camden, Ark. to Miss Anna Crabtree, of New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Smith, Miss Annie A. Richards, of this city, to Mr. Robert Love, of Harford county, Md.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Shepard K. Kollock, D. D., assisted by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Mr. Henry Kollock, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Matthew Grier, Esq. both of this city.

In Trenton, N. J. by Friends' Ceremony, 3d mo. 1st, at the residence and in the presence of his honor the Mayor, Jesse Jones, of Falls township, to Rebecca D. Watson, of Middletown township, both of Bucks county. Ohio papers please copy.

In Frankford, March 3d, by the Rev. I. Gray, Mr. Thomas R. McKim, to Miss Rebecca Kirbson, both of the former place.

In Camden, N. J. on the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. James L. Buckley, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss Selina Henry, of Camden.

Feb. 19, 1860, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. Isaac D. Wright, to Miss Sallie H. Hublock, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. James A. Stewart, to Mrs. Annie Dukes, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, at the residence of T. O. Anderson, in Luray, Clark county, Mo., of disease of the brain, Frank G., son of Charles L. and Josephine Wilkinson, of Lee county, Iowa, aged 1 year and 9 months and 6 days.

On the 5th instant, William M. Wall, in his 37th year.

On Wednesday morning, March 7th, Sarah E. Haun, daughter of the late Charles Hare, in her 58th year.

On the 7th instant, Edwin Shrewsbury, in his 23d year.

On the 6th instant, Hannah, daughter of the late Dr. Thos. Parke, in her 79th year.

In this city, on the 5th instant, Commodore David Geisinger, of the United States Navy.

On sixth-day morning, 2d instant, John Bonsall, in his 81st year.

On Sunday morning, March 4th, William B. Forten, Jr.

At Wilmington, Del. on Saturday, March 3d, after a painful illness, James Craig McComb, in his 30th year.

On Sunday, 4th instant, Mrs. Charity Wallins, in her 76th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. William H. Cope, in his 44th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 10, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**South Carolina.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
New Jersey.		**Alabama.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3½ dis
Delaware		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Maryland.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
New York.		**Kentucky.**	
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maine.		**Indiana.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	1 to 1½ dis
New Hampshire.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	3½ dis
Vermont.		**Missouri.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ to 2½ dis
Connecticut.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old bks	1½ to 2½ dis
Massachusetts.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Rhode Island.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	3 dis
Virginia.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Dist. of Columbia.		**Canada.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
North Carolina.			
Solv bks	par to 1½ dis		
Georgia.			
olv bks	¼ dis		

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THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	108	—
" " '68	102	—
" 5" coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	103
" " new	105¼	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	40	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	69	75
" County "	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	92½	93
Tenn 6 "	91¾	93
" 5 " coupon	77¾	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	99¾	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	92½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¾	92
N Y City 5's	1 4	1 16
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	149	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Kens Mark	68	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	54	65
Girard	46	—
Western	64	—
Mec & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	22½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	23	23½
Commonwealth	26½	27
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	128	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	85½	87
Planters "	—	109
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light	25½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	16	17
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	50	51
Bonds	95	97
mort 6 pr ct	97	98
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	101½
2nd "	89	90
stock	33½	33
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	85
stock	125	126
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	93
" '88	70½	71½
stock	20½	20¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Chas Val R R, '75	38½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	83
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	—
2nd "	11½	13
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	58	60
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	68	69½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	57	59
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11¾
Canada	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	—	71
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	16½	16¾
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	99	—
Morris Consol'd	5	52
preferred	109½	110
Chas & Del bonds	40	—
	79	—
Union bonds	1	—
	—	78
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	24	3
	27	28

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APPLE FRITTERS.

It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from nature's kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said *chere* Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale gray eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added in a disappointed tone, "they are baking apples if I mistake not?"

"They are! they are!" cried *chere* Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they reminded her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length with an effort she said: "Forgive me, dear Eloise, I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him."

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! aye, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted, I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced (crossway) a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit, before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin, about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonsful of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking.

"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise, "ah how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," sighed the brave girl.—Then resuming her story, she said: "When the whole formed a smooth consistency of the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, and mixed it with the butter. I could not endure my agony any longer.—Alexis!" I cried, "beware how you trifle with me!"

"Proceed! you interest me greatly," remarked Eloise. "What was his answer!"

Hortense, with an effort, continued: "When the mixture was hot he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me, his face glowing with passion."

"Nay, say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl: "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked. Let us, perhaps for the last time, eat together.'

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless. Rising from the moss bank, she gasped out. "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we remain here."

"And the fritters," inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone; "that evening he presented me with a receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which, however, formed no part of the receipt.

Two hours afterwards he was on his road to London, and his Club!! But to this day, even the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of pure fond woman.

A Yankee at a Restaurant.—An American in Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual that had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much; the American paid his bill, and left.

Not Bad.—Judge P——, when practicing at the bar, was eminent for his abilities as he was remarkable for his great bushy head of hair, which was anything but *smooth* and glossy ringlets. Pushing a witness in his cross examination a little harder than a patient man could well bear, he asked, after one or two answers to similar questions had been given:

"How could you tell it was my client, Mr. Davis? How did you know him? Would you know me if you would see me again?"

Witness, after placing his hands on his sides, seemed to scrutinize his interrogator closely, while the court-room was very silent, watching the witness and the Judge as they eyed each other.

"Yes I would, if you would not comb your hair."

The Judge joined heartily in the laugh, and guessed he would let that witness take his seat.

☞ A travelling gent, passing a farm, saw a boy at work in a corn field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth:—"My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "Res, lots av 'em." "What kind?" continued the stranger. "Corn-stocks, mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the article, and the stranger went on his way musing.

Coaxing up an Expression.—A brace of "lovers," anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substantial faded, stepped into an ambrotype car one day last week, to sit for their "pictures." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tuck fust, and real natural." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his handkerchief, asked his girl if his shirt collar looked about X, and planted himself into the operator's chair, where he assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands, and about to depart with one of his eye teeth. "Now, dew look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in her suitor's history particularly worthy of her commemoration, she insisted that he should stand again. He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair.

The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction.

"La," she said, "why, you look all puckered up!"

One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient, and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an expedient which she considered infallible, and exclaimed:

"I don't keer if there is folks around!"

She enjoined the operator to stand at his camera; she then sat in her feller's lap, and placing her arms around his neck, managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds, which revealed her expedient. When this "billing and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and clapping her hands, cried to the astonished artist:

"Now you have got him! put him through!"

One of the Students.—A story is related of a medical student, who, once upon a time, entered the terrible green-room to be examined for his degree of M. D. Elated at the prospect before him, and knowing that Dr. Payne held the lancet to be a universal cure, he had drank decidedly too much whiskey. On going into the green room, the venerable professor told the tipsy student to "Be seated!" His mind being muddy, and thinking the professor had asked him some question of treatment, Bolus, Jr., returned the patent answer: "Why *I'd bleed him!*" "I guess you didn't understand me?" remarked the professor. "Then, by hokey, *I'd set him up, and bleed him again!*" responded Bolus. He passed!

The Angel on the Hearth.—"Come to me, darling; papa's cross to-night," said a young mother, as she extended her arms affectionately to a little girl of three years, who had left her toys and playthings, to climb upon her father's knee.

The child hazarded a puzzled look at that dark, stern countenance, and without a glance of re-assurance, stole softly to his side. Not a word was spoken, and all the evening music and sunbeam was gone, and sullen, his mind wholly absorbed with the busy world's excitements. Although a husband and a father, he was evidently in no humor to participate in the pleasures of a "home circle."

The child not at all discouraged by the forbidding look of her parent, crept gently upon his knee, and placing one tiny arm about his neck, the other glided affectionately over the opposite cheek while her innocent lips pressed gently the troubled brow. In a subdued breath she whispered, "*Nellie loves papa so much!*" and she drew her little, soft hand caressingly down either side of that care-worn face, until they met beneath the heavily bearded chin.

Observe the effect; 'twas electrical; the stern features relaxed, the sullen gloom disappeared, and the whole countenance assumed a lively, animated expression.

The scene was most touching. Words fail to express the exquisite beauty of such a picture. As the transformed parent drew the little girl to his bosom and pressed a kiss upon that innocent, upturned face, the finer feelings of his manly nature were in his voice as he said, "No, my child, papa could never be cross, with such a loving daughter to calm the heart the world has tortured into despair."

The moral is too palpable to be understood.

Ownership the Great Stimulus.—I have always believed that the stimulus of proprietorship is the most powerful that can be applied to labor, and was rejoiced to find that the greatest of modern writers upon political economy (Stuart Mill), in one of the most striking and interesting portions of his great work, sums up, on the whole, in its favor. He says:—"If there is a first principle in intellectual education, it is this—that the discipline which does good to the mind is that in which the mind is active, not that in which it is passive. The secret for developing the faculties is to give them much to do, and much inducement to do it. Few things surpass, in this respect, the occupations and interests created by the ownership and cultivation of land" (vol. i. p. 331).

A Swiss statistical writer speaks of the "almost superhuman industry of peasant proprietors." Arthur Young says, "It is the magic of property which turns sand into gold." Michelet says it acts like a ruling passion upon the peasantry of France, and that in Flanders, the peasant cultivation is affirmed to produce heavier crops in equal circumstances of soil than the best cultivated districts of England and Scotland.

A Japanese Weapon.—The most singular arm which the Japanese employ in the battle-field is the war-fan. This is a paper fan of a larger size than usual, the sheaths of which are made of iron, so that if, fatigued by a violent personal encounter, a warrior sits down for a moment to rest and cool himself, and is unexpectedly attacked, he immediately hits his enemy over the head with his fan. I endeavored to obtain one of these; but they were only made to order, and were not completed when we left Yeddo. The pattern on the fan is the national emblem, a red sun on the background—but the process of fanning oneself with an iron fan cannot be cooling.—*Oliphant.*

RATHER FAINT PRAISE.

Mr. Noodlecum, the artist, has painted the Squire in his sporting costume,—a very wonderful picture, as he thinks.

John (*who has come for the saddle and things*).—"Yessir, there's master—he's a starin' hard, sure-ly (*a pause*); and there's t' old mare—and isn't she a starin'!"

Artist (*nettled*).—"Well, there's the dog, he's staring too, I suppose—"

John.—"Ay, sir, that he be!"

Agricultural.

WORK FOR MARCH.

Tobacco Crop.—The care required this month for the Tobacco crop has reference both to the past and coming season. The bulk of stripped Tobacco which has not been hung up for drying, or removed, will require careful looking after lest it heats and be damaged. Examine frequently, and whenever you find it softening, or getting into high condition as it is termed, it should be shaken out and laid in another bulk, or hung on sticks in the house until thoroughly dried; after which the first soft spell should be availed of, to pack it in large bulks, in readiness for the hogshead. Tobacco beds, if not already sown, should be done, of course, at this earliest practicable time: in our January number are *hints on the subject.*

Break the sod of your Tobacco field as early as possible. The more thoroughly the sod is decomposed at planting time, the better is the chance of an early start and rapid growth; points which affect materially the quality of the crop. It is by no means necessary or proper that the manure should be hauled upon the ground before ploughing; but mix it with the surface soil at the second ploughing, which should be so shallow as not to disturb the sod.

Corn Crop.—Get an early start in the preparation for this crop and provide such manures as you may need. We advise the application of fertilizers for this crop at the earliest practicable period after the first ploughing, to get the full benefit of the spring rains upon them. Put all manures, long or short, *on the surface after ploughing*, spreading from the cart.

Oats.—This crop is always better for being seeded early. Ten days of time in seeding, is equal often to a good manuring. If clover seed is to be sown with the crop, there is the more necessity for seeding early.

Manures.—Provide promptly such fertilizers as are wanted for spring crops. If composts are to be prepared for spring or summer use, the sooner the materials are thrown together the better.

Fences.—There should be no delay in having all the fences of the farm put in thorough repair and gates got in order.

Grass Seeds.—The sowing of grass seeds should be complete this month. Run a good harrow over the wheat when the ground is in proper condition, neither too wet nor baked with drying winds. When the seeds are sown, follow with roller. Do not sow less than half a peck of clover seed to the acre. Six quarts will not be too much if you wish to insure a good set. Sow a bushel of orchard grass, if sown with clover—two bushels if alone. A great deal of costly grass seed is wasted upon lands not in proper condition. Thorough preparation by previous cultivation and by ample manuring are requisite for their successful culture. The seeds once well set upon the ground, a great deal can be done by top-dressing.

Root Crops.—In the allotment of ground for crops do not fail to provide for a crop of roots in some proportion to the needs of your stock during the winter and early spring. The sugar beet or mangold wurtzel and ruta baga are the most productive and most easily grown. They need deep and thorough preparation of the ground and abundant manuring, but will yield very abundant crops.

Ploughing.—The success of the whole year's operations will depend very much upon the manner in which the first ploughing is done. It is hardly necessary to remind you of the very great importance of having a good team to do the work, a good plough to work with, and of closely supervising the whole operation. Ordinarily, this ploughing should not be less than eight inches in depth; and the sod should be so completely inverted as to insure the destruction of grass and the decomposition of the turf.

Plaister.—Get your supply of Plaister early, and be ready to sow on last spring's clover as soon as the young leaves begin to spring freely. Dress both last and this year's crops liberally.

The Garden.—In the report of a discussion we find in one of our Northern exchanges, one of the speakers defines the Garden as "a place back of the house where dish water is thrown; where we have a few hills of potatoes and several hundred—pig weeds." If there should be one among our subscribers who can take the reproach of such a description, we trust that they will begin now to reform, in this very important part of their domestic management.—*Baltimore American Farmer.*

Colic in Horses.—I am not in the habit of writing for the press, but I believe that any person who is in possession of valuable information to the owners of horses, should not withhold it from the public, especially when horses are so high as they now are, when the loss of a fine horse will cost the owner from $200 to $500 to supply the loss.

I think I know *almost* a certain cure for *colic in horses.* I have known it tried four or five times, and never knew it to fail in effecting a cure.

The remedy is simple and easily administered—so much so, that when it was prescribed for my horse, the first time, I had no faith in it.

The remedy is, to drench the sick horse with a quart of *slack water*, which can be readily procured at every blacksmith's shop. I have known three cases cured by a single quart in each case.

I had a horse down this week with one of the worst cases of colic that I ever saw. The horse was so badly off that one of the by-standers repeatedly remarked that he would not give fifty cents for him.

I commenced giving him slack water at about 4 o'clock, P. M., and gave him a quart at a time about every hour. I got down him, I suppose, three quarts or a gallon, perhaps a little more, and by nine o'clock, P. M., he was eating fodder, and the next day he was in fine spirits and was playing with the other horses.

The remedy is so simple, that it is difficult to get people to try it. They are like I was when it was prescribed for a sick horse of mine once. I really thought the gentleman was jesting for some time.—*P. S. Thurmond, in Southern Field.*

Requisites for Making Good Butter.—What are the requisites for making the best butter? A.

There are a few butter-makers who have established such a reputation for making the very finest article, that all they can spare for market is eagerly taken at several cents a pound above the market price. So far as we know, they all adopt the following rules; or if they do not, they practice them:—

1. A perfectly clean cellar, not only clean from all dirt, but from every bad odor—pure, sweet, and fresh.

2. Perfectly clean, well aired vessels. Not an infinitesimal speck of any foreign or sour substance adheres to any of them.

3. Churning before the cream becomes old.

4. Securing such a temperature that it will require about half an hour for churning—if performed much sooner, a loss of butter must occur, and it is not so good.

5. Work all the buttermilk out, which is rarely done—and work no longer, which is still more rarely, but sometimes done.

6. Use the purest salt—and add an ounce to a pound.

7. Pack the butter in the jars or firkins *solid*—put as much in a small space as possible.

8. Lastly, and first also, provide good, sweet pasture, and plenty of perfectly pure water for the cows at all times.

If any have practiced all these, and have not succeeded, we should like to hear from them. It is proper to state, however, that there are some who assert that their vessels, &c., are clean, when in fact they are far from it.—*Country Gentleman.*

SUNDRY RECEIPTS.

Destroying Vermin on Colts.—Take flaxseed (linseed) oil, and rub the harboring places *thoroughly* to the skin, and the vermin will swell up, die and drop off. It is very safe and sure.

Remedy for Worms in Horses.—Feed the horse for two or three days in succession on good, bright corn stalks, green or dry, and in the meantime give him nothing else to eat.

To Cure Poison From Ivy.—Rub the part poisoned with sweet oil. A small portion rubbed on the skin before going among the ivy will prevent taking poison.

Colts on a Hard Floor.—One of your correspondents has stated that colts should stand on a hard plank floor in order to toughen them for a hard road. It looks to me like putting hard, thick shoes on an infant's foot to raise corns that will trouble him for life. Let colts stand on a soft, moist floor.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

Common Sense.—If a person swallow poison deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous or incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for the doctor. Meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This course will answer better, in a larger number of cases, than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee, because these appliances nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles, as antidotes for any poison that may remain in the stomach.

Purple and Mauve Colors.—It may be useful to know how to distinguish whether these colors, now so much in vogue, are fast or not. This is ascertained simply by putting on the ribbon or other fabric a drop of vinegar; or, still better, of lemon juice, which will change the fast purple or mauve to a crimson whilst it will destroy the fugitive one or render it a dirty yellowish brown.

Cheap Paint.—I see an inquiry for a cheap paint. Enclosed is one which I *know* to be first best:—

Take one bushel of unslacked lime and slack it with cold water; when slacked add to it 20 lbs. of Spanish whiting, 17 lbs. of salt and 12 lbs. of sugar. Strain this mixture through a wire sieve, and it will be fit for use after reducing with cold water. This is intended for the outside of buildings, or where it is exposed to the weather. In order to give a good color three coats are necessary on brick and two on wood. It may be laid on with a brush similar to whitewash. Each coat must have sufficient time to dry before the next is applied.

For painting inside walls, take as before, one bushel of unslacked lime, 3 lbs. of sugar, 5 lbs. of salt, and prepare as above, and apply with a brush.

I have used it on brick, and find it well calculated to preserve them—it is far preferable to oil paint. I have used it on wood, and assure you that it will last longer on rough siding than oil paint will on plained siding or boards.

You can make any color you please; if you wish straw color, use yellow ochre instead of whitening; for lemon color, ochre and chrome yellow; for lead and slate color, lampblack; for blue, indigo; for green, chrome green. The different kinds of paint will not cost more than one-fourth as much as oil paints, including labor of putting on.—*Corres. of Country Gentleman.*

The Best Hair-Wash.—A southern correspondent says:—"In the matter of a hair-wash, in a recent number of the Journal of Health, I have received a thousand times its cost, and it has also been a benefit to many others."

Make half a pint soap-suds with pure white soap and warm water, on rising any morning; but before applying it, brush the whole scalp well, while the hair is perfectly dry, with the very best Russia bristle brush, scrub back and forth with a will, let not any portion of the surface escape. When brushing the top and front, lean forward, that the particles may fall. After this operation is finished, strike the ends of the bristles on the hearth or on a board, next pass the coarse part of the comb through the bristles; next, brush or flap the hair back and forth with the hand until no dust is seen to fall; then with the balls of the fingers dipped in the soap-suds, rub the fluid into the scalp and about the roots of the hair; do this patiently and thoroughly. Finally, rinse with clear water, and absorb as much of the water from the hair as possible with a dry cloth; then (after allowing the hair to dry a little more by evaporation, but not to dry entirely) dress it as usual, always, under all circumstances, passing the comb through the hair slowly and gently, so as not to break any one off, or tear out any one by the roots.

By this operation the alkali of the soap unites with the natural oil of the hair, and leaves it perfectly clean and beautifully silken, and with cold water washings of the whole head and neck and ears every morning, it will soon be found that the hair will "dress" as handsomely as if "oiled to perfection;" with the great advantage of conscious cleanliness giving, too, the general appearance of a greater profusion of hair than when it is plastered flat on the scalp, with variously scented hog's fat, as is the common custom.

It has been recently established, in a court of justice in the city of New York, that one of the most popular hair-washes ever known was made by adding a little alcohol, scented with a perfume, to common soap-suds.

☞ A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there a *kitty*-chism for little boys? This *cat*-echism is too hard for me."

☞ To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.—*Emerson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 13, 14, 6, 7, is a name applied to females.
My 2, 12, 5, 6, is a part of the body.
My 1, 8, 11, inverted is an article of apparel.
My 16, 7, 3, is a part of the face.
My 15, 14, 10, 16, is a girl's name.
My 11, 8, 4, 7, 6, 5, 7, is a name given to some days.
My 9, 5, 1, is not lean.
My 1, 3, 5, is a beverage.
My whole is one of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works.

FANNY H. LITTLE.

Clay, Onondaga Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 7, 5, 12, 16, 6, is a cape in Europe.
My 6, 11, 10, 14, 12, is what we all should possess.
My 4, 2, 13, is a Book of the Old Testament.
My 9, 12, 14, 3, is a useful metal.
My 5, 1, 9, 2, is one of the United States.
My 13, 11, 17, 15, 5, 7, is a city in the United States.
My 8, 2, 12, 12, 9, 16, is a man's name.
My whole is an eminent statesman.

Fairfield, Lancaster Co., Pa. H. R.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first was Noah's son of old,
Also a staple product sold
Over the North, South, East and West,
Where people love to eat me best.

My second now of course you'll guess,
It's often asked, and answered *yes;*
But if you have not got it yet
Why do not fume and stew and fret.

Six little letters form my name,
Renowned in historic fame,
And forms a very thrilling play,
As all the drama's lovers say.

Louisville, Ky. JACK CHAMBERLAIN.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Some persons learn to drink 8, 6, 5;
And very seldom pass an 6, 5, 7.
I think they should sooner 1, 2, 3, 4, 7,
How they their money should 2, 3, 4, 7.

My whole has great wonders done.
And without it there are none.
If my riddle you will guess,
Then you are learn'd more or less.

New Texas. J. J. W——g.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, transpose, and I am a beverage.
Omit my 2, 4, 6, and I am a covering.
Omit my 4, transpose, and I am shrub.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, 6, and I am a preposition.
Omit my 1, 4, 6, transpose, and I am a beverage.
Omit my 1, 5, 6, and I am a meadow.
Omit my 4, 6, and I become something which you never have seen but often feel.
Omit my 1, 6, transpose, and I am a water fowl.
Omit my 1, 6, transpose, and you can always find me in the post.
Omit my 2, 6, and I cannot proceed.
My whole is not fully appreciated until lost.

W. WINDSOR.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties in the United States.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Worth Law	Mang Matts
Arma Chuh	We go so
Ah! ask ma	On to rum
Grain sled	Can sew let
Br for Dad	Roll Car.

Manchester, Ohio. ANNA CORA WILSON.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A certain gentleman having a field containing 10 acres, wishes to pasture his horse on 1 acre and no more; now I would like to know what length of a halter will fasten the horse to a post in the centre of the acre of grass, so that the horse can graze upon the 1 acre and no more.

An answer is requested.

Cedarville, Illinois. JESSE M. CORNELIUS.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

If the segment of a circle whose base is 4, and height 1, be revolved about its base, what will be the surface and solidity of the body generated?

X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man paying his note at the bank like a father going to see his children? Ans.—Because he meets his responsibilities.

☞ Why is a promise like wine? Ans.—Because it improves by being kept.

☞ If you saw a pretty girl entering a convent, and you wished to prevent it, what would your wish be? Ans.—A-nun-a-veiling (an unavailing).

☞ When is a man out of date? Ans.—When he's a weak back!

☞ Why are ladies' eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Ans.—Because they correspond, but never meet.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Louis Napoleon. CHARADE.—Sunshade. CHARADE.—Larum. CHARADE.—Courtship. TRANSPOSITION.—1 Socrates, 2 Journey, 3 Florence, 5 Peterson, 6 Matrimony, 7 Eastport, 8 Telescope.

Happy Wife's Day.—It is thus described by a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer:—"Were I to trace the record of a day, it would run in this wise:—arose at six, dressed, washed and combed my children, got breakfast, washed the dishes, swept and dusted the rooms, made the beds, got dinner, washed the dishes, swept, and mended till supper time; got supper, washed the dishes, read a little, wrote less, sewed or mended more, and now it is bedtime. And all this has been spiced with a multitude of little chores whose name is legion, and yet with a few slight variations—such as baking, washing, ironing, making cheese and butter—it is the history of my life."